

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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The Constitutional Convention.

THE slowness of the proceedings of this body may be an indication of the carefulness with which each step is weighed, and it is quite consistent with a conscientious endeavor to do justice to the important interests entrusted to it. On the other hand, we do not see why a little infusion of vigor and energy would not help their debates. The members appear to be in a somnolent mood, and it is no wonder, if they attend the lectures which volunteer teachers, both female and male, prepare for their delectation, that they grow wearied and their labors become irksome. The public, however, is not impatient. We accept the excuses founded on the heat of the weather, the trying nature of a residence in Albany, and the necessity of listening officially to a great deal of trash. But it cannot be denied that there is a want of vivacity about the proceedings which detracts very much from their interest. There is no lack of earnestness, but it is of a kind so dreary and long spun out, that it might almost as well not be.

The real practical business can scarcely begin before the reports, majority and minority, of the various Committees are made. In the meantime the Convention amuses itself in a dismal sort of way in listening to petitions from the strong-minded of each sex in favor of some crotchet or other, or in discussing resolutions, petitions or memorials, which are either referred to appropriate Committees, or ordered to lie on the table. In common with a great many people who desire to see the matter of Legislative corruption, of which everybody has heard so much and yet so little is really known, probed to the bottom, we saw with regret the offer of H. B. Wilson to tell the Convention all he knew about it, laid aside. Nobody can doubt that Mr. Wilson was in a position to expose a great deal of the corruption which popular rumor lays at the door of the Legislature, and which he alleges to be "an open and systematic practice." He had been engaged for a long time in carrying through some scheme in Albany, and his experience was, that a body of men more thoroughly corrupt, that is, willing to sell their votes for money, it was impossible to imagine. He states that the purchase and sale of votes in

the Legislature is reduced to a system of brokerage, and the business is carried on with as much impunity as that of a stock or produce broker. If the Convention had appointed a Committee to inquire into the alleged systematic bribery of the Senate and Assembly,

on the table," a proposal to make the prohibition of the sale of alcoholic liquors part of the Constitution of the State has the honor of being referred to a Committee. A similar indulgence is granted to the proposal of Mr. Duganne to regulate rents by making it illegal to take as rent

of the duties of Government impossible. So far as can be judged of the temper of the Convention, the question of Woman's Suffrage will not meet with much favor. There is something exquisitely ludicrous in the proposal of one member to submit it to the vote

of the women themselves. It may not be improper to notice here one fallacy which the upholders and advocates of this extension of the suffrage have neglected. In view of the moral certainty that negro suffrage will be carried, and if not carried by the Convention that Congress (see Mr. Stevens's speech in the House on the 9th inst.) will enforce it in all the States, it is asked, if negroes may vote, why should not white women, who are certainly as capable of using the franchise intelligently, vote also? But the true question is not between white females and negroes, but between white females and negroes. It must not be forgotten that negro voting means, at present, male negroes, but if female suffrage is also to prevail, it is difficult to see how it is to be withheld from our sable sisters. If it be contended that because of equal political intelligence, or capacity for intelligence, a negro has an equal right with a white man to the franchise, how shall it be denied that the female negro is equal for the same purpose to the female white? This question of the negroes is one that, so far as we have seen, the advocates of female suffrage have avoided, but if women are to take part in political life, we really do not see why there should be any distinction of color between them, any more than between



"SPEAK, SIR."—FROM A PAINTING BY AUGUSTE TOULMOUCHE.—SEE PAGE 291.

and had had power to grant immunity to witnesses—without which, we submit, any such an inquiry could not have been complete—Mr. Wilson would have been one of the best witnesses they could have desired. But the Convention refuses to hear Mr. Wilson, even to consider his memorial, and while this is "laid

above twelve per cent, of the assessed value of any real estate. Thus the Convention tolerates, and treats with certain respect, the crudest notions of what are the true functions of Government, while it refuses to examine into matters which if true—and they are generally believed to be true—render any proper discharge

enlargement of a criminal, and we do not see why a Council should not be subject to precisely similar pressure. The action of the Governor might be limited to cases where the complete innocence of a condemned person was established by, first, the confession of some other party, or, secondly, by the disclosure of

The proposal to limit the pardoning power of the Governor of the State, by appointing a sort of Council without the consent of a majority of whose members no pardon can be issued, is worthy of some discussion. It is open to the objection that it creates additional salaried offices, while the decrease of these, in the present state of our finances, is rather to be desired. It is the popular belief that influences can always be brought to bear on the Executive to procure the

circumstances which came to light subsequent to the trial. We think that in other cases, pardon or commutation of sentence might properly be prohibited unless petitioned for by the Judge who tried the case, the District Attorney who prosecuted it, and the jury, or a majority of it, who found the party guilty. We acknowledge that there are some obvious difficulties in this limitation of the pardoning power, but the arguments on both sides are worthy of a more exhaustive analysis than they have lately received, either in the Convention or out of it.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
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NOTICE.

MANUSCRIPTS must in all cases be accompanied with the real name and address of the authors, and with stamps for their return, if unacceptable. The utmost care will be taken and all possible expedition used with regard to them; but it must be understood that the Editor is not responsible should a MS. be mislaid or lost. All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

Special Notice.

WITH No. 601 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, we presented No. 1 of National Portrait Gallery, viz., a Portrait of HON. THADDEUS STEVENS, and with No. 605 a Portrait of WENDELL PHILLIPS, being No. 2 of the series. In No. 609 is a full-length portrait of MAJOR-GENERAL SHERMAN; in the present No. a full-length portrait of ADMIRAL L'ARRIGUT.

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A New York Falstaff.

THAT venerable reprobate Jack Falstaff, when he found he had been hoaxed by "rascally Prince Hal," very coolly shifted his ground, and said he knew who it was "by instinct." The facetious and venerable Falstaff of the "Journal of Mysterious Influences," after swallowing the ridiculous hoax about the Russian circular in favor of the Fenians, next morning says it was so barefaced an absurdity that it could not impose on any one. Let us compare Philip drunk with Philip sober:

Editorial, July 11.
The Russian Government, with the approbation of the Czar, has come forth as the champion of Ireland, and furnishes, by a solemn diplomatic act, one of the most original, perhaps startling, of the many exciting political events which are being evolved so rapidly around us. A Russian circular has been addressed to the Ministers of the empire in Washington, Paris and London, requesting them to call the attention of the Government to which they are accredited to the state of affairs existing in Ireland. * * * This diplomatic coup furnished, on the part of Prince Gortschakoff, a most telling retort to the recent allied action of France, Prussia, Austria, Italy and England, in proposing to Russia the plan of a joint Turco-Christian investigation of the situation in Candia. * * * It constitutes a grand Russian state bank movement, and one which is likely to be very successful.

An inquiry into the condition of Ireland! Why, it is just the subject for the American people; and placed before them by their friend the Czar, will no doubt prove a most prominent topic of agitation during the entire Presidential campaign. * * * So that the troublesome chronic difficulties of the Christians in the East, of the people of Ireland, and of Turkey herself, may perhaps be remedied by a movement undertaken in St. Petersburg and completed in Washington.

Who can this well-accused agent of the Associated Press be? Is it possible that it is the long-lost, lamented McCracken, the destroyer of reputations, and leveler of good names?

But seriously, what is there to hinder this agent from playing other practical jokes? From announcing, for instance, financial embarrassments of the houses of Barings, Hopes, or Rothschilds, the death of Napoleon, or any other event, which might, for a few hours, cause wide-spread consternation? The Atlantic cable is not a wire for knaves or buffoons to

display their antics upon. Such men deserve another kind of rope. But what apology can this would-be facetious agent offer for having deluded the simple-minded editor of the (so-called) leading journal of the world?

Since writing the foregoing, we have seen the Philadelphia *Enquirer*. Its editor seems to have as large a swallow as its New York twin, for it devotes a column of editorial twaddle, entitled, "A Roland for an Oliver," its absurdity thus culminating:

The statements of the Russian diplomatic note are such as must be highly offensive to Great Britain. It is exceedingly provoking to be charged with injustice; but the idea of an intervention upon the Irish question by Russia, France and the United States will be extremely disagreeable to John Bull. He hates and fears Russia; hates and fears France; hates and fears the United States. Other nations might be tolerated in administering advice upon the internal management of affairs, but these are by far the most offensive arbiters that could be named to the English Government.

It only shows what schoolboys scribble for our misleading journals.

Trades Unions.

SOME recent disclosures in Sheffield (England) have brought on these bodies an amount of public odium almost inconceivable by foreigners. It is not at all probable that other Unions in different parts of the country are in any way responsible for the atrocities committed by the Sawgrinders' Union. We perceive, indeed, that the leading members of such societies have hastened not only to disclaim all knowledge of such crimes, but to denounce them even more lustily, if possible, than the public generally. On the other hand, it is quite natural for people to say that what has been generated by excess of zeal in one Union may be likewise produced in others, and that as blind devotion allied with ignorance has led in Sheffield to a system of secret assassinations, continued for years, so similar fanaticism may breed similar crimes elsewhere.

It is an old saying that when one member suffers all the other members suffer with it. The infamy of one branch of a family is felt as a disgrace to all his relations. The discovery of obscene rites practiced by any body of religionists will inevitably bring condemnation upon all who bear the same name and call themselves of the same communion. Everybody will grant that, as a matter of common charity, no public body should be held responsible for the misdeeds of another body of men allied to it by name and by similarity of pursuits, but an alarmed and startled public is not easily persuaded to be charitable, and we only fear that in the first flush of popular indignation some severe measures of repression against Trades Unions generally will be adopted which sober second thought will not justify.

It is difficult within the space of an ordinary newspaper article to give even the outline of the dreadful deeds just brought to light, but the bare statements of some of the facts will show that the comments we have made are mild indeed. It appears that for ten years past there have been rumors that the Trades Unionists of Sheffield had used stronger methods than mere intimidation to hinder non-unionists from working, that in fact many outrages on the persons and property both of such men and those who employed them had had the direct sanction of the Union. At the last meeting of the Social Science Congress, held in Sheffield, these charges had been solemnly denied by William Broadhead, the Secretary of the Union. But the continuation of these outrages, and the impossibility of discovering their perpetrators by any of the ordinary means of justice, at last induced the Government to send Mr. Overend as a special commissioner to inquire into them, and to find out, if possible, if the accusations freely made by the masters against the Unions had any foundation in fact. It is only right to say that the Trades Unions themselves courted the investigation, and so far there is evidence in their favor that they, as semi-organized bodies, were not aware of the crimes committed in their name. Mr. Overend was armed with very unusual powers, even to the extent of offering a free pardon to any person concerned either as principal or accessory.

The examination of the first few days merely brought to light a system of destroying and stealing the tools of obnoxious workmen. Over 200 of such cases, called "rattening," were proved to have occurred within the past ten years, and what was more, the agency of the Unions in fostering these offenses was clearly proved. But all this was mere child's play compared with what was to come. A man of the name of Hallam, who had been sent to prison for contempt of court, was, at his own request, brought the following day before Mr. Overend, and confessed that he, together with an accomplice, Crookes, had some time previously murdered an obnoxious non-unionist workman named Linley. This frightful tale was confirmed by Crookes himself in open court, who confessed that he had previously shot at Linley, but had only wounded him severely. The price of this murder was fifteen pounds, and this sum was paid by Broadhead himself. This Broadhead, it seems, is a very

prominent man among the Trades Unions. Not only was he the Secretary of the Union Sawgrinders—that Linley refused to join and was therefore assassinated—but he was the principal official of the Sheffield Association of Organized Trades, and Treasurer of the United Kingdom Alliance of Organized Trades. Brought to bay, this wretch confessed all, and secure in his immunity from punishment, omitted no detail of his crimes. Shooting was not the only means employed to get rid of obnoxious—that is, non-unionist men—it was a common plan secretly to place gunpowder just under the grinder's wheels, so that as soon as the man started work the sparks would ignite the powder and blow him up. Crookes admitted that he had in all murdered ten men in various ways, and received pay from Broadhead in each case. He had no personal animosity toward most of his victims. He was told that it was for the good of the Union, that they must be got rid of, and so killed them. The "good of the cause" was his motive, for the money reward he got, varying from fifteen pounds to thirty pounds, was scarcely sufficient to induce a man to endanger his neck.

We can assure our readers that these are only a small part of the horrors that were disclosed. To screen themselves, the assassins had sometimes fastened evidence of their crimes on innocent persons. One of these was arrested and tried for the crime, and though not found guilty, his reputation was destroyed, his former friends shunned him, his wife and mother died of grief, and not till the true authors avowed their guilt could his character be re-established. Is it any wonder that society in England is deeply moved at the discovery of such villainies being practiced undiscovered for years? or that Trades Unions are suffering from the disgrace brought upon their very names? The same causes that were at work in Sheffield may prevail elsewhere, and there is no security against similar results where men of certain mental and moral calibre obtain control of the administrative powers of these associations.

Broadhead and his associates cannot be punished, and it is not likely they can remain in England. Their persons must be well-known to many workmen here; and should they come to this country, we trust our Trades Unions will do as their brethren in England have done, express, in the most public manner possible, their detestation and horror of the crimes with which these men have stained a good cause.

New Ocean Postage Arrangement.

THE public has been lately informed that the question of reduced ocean postage has received a temporary solution, by an agreement between our post-office authorities and those of Great Britain, in virtue of which, after the 31st of December next, the rate on a half ounce letter will be twelve cents between any part of the United States and any part of Great Britain, and sixpence between Great Britain and the United States, instead of twenty-four cents and a shilling, respectively, as heretofore. Letters must also be invariably prepaid.

This new arrangement dates from the day the Cunard contract expires. Under that contract the British Government paid £176,300 per annum for conveying the mails to Halifax, Boston and New York, and, to reimburse itself, charged one shilling for a half ounce letter. We believe that at that rate the amount received for postage was nearly equal to the subsidy. The subsidy ceasing—for this reason among others, that it has been proved that a line of steamers—the Inman—can make, and have made, without any subsidy, as good average time between New York and Liverpool as the Cunard steamers, the difference between the two lines, on an average of forty-seven voyages, being only thirty-three minutes—the question has arisen: What rates of postage should the two Governments charge by steamers, all henceforward unsubsidized?

We have termed the proposed solution temporary; because we are sure that before long it must give way to a much lower rate. All that can be said in favor of the proposed reduction is that it is half of the former rate. No principle is involved in this; it is merely a rough, rule-of-thumb sort of way of solving a problem. The principle of a three cent postage everybody can understand. But there is no principle in merely lowering a former rate one-half. It might just as easily have been made an eighth, or a quarter, or three-eighths. As a sop to the public—a piece of expediency—it may do very well. But let us not take it for more than it is worth.

For three cents the United States and for one penny the British Governments carry a letter from any place in their respective dominions to the point the ocean steamers start from. It is obvious that besides this, the only expense of carrying the mails across the Atlantic is the charge made by the steamers' agents, nine cents in one case and fivepence sterling in the other being left for them after the inland postages are paid. Now, does any one suppose the steamers would not gladly

carry the mails for less than this? And whatever compensation the steamers would ask, added to the inland postage, is the true measure of ocean postage. From all we can learn the steamers would be very well content to carry the letters for much less than is proposed to give them, and if so, the public will be overcharged exactly this amount of overpayment.

We are not yet informed how the mails are to be divided between the steamers; that is, supposing a Cunard, an Inman, or other companies' steamer, starting from Liverpool on the same day, which is to carry the mail? According to the present practice of the post-office authorities here, if an American and a foreign steamer start on the same day, our own flag is entitled to the mails, even though it be borne by a notoriously slow ship. Of course we should very much prefer to see American ships carrying American mails, but as we have only four steamers in the European trade to seventy-one owned and sailed by foreigners, this consideration cannot be of so practical an importance as we hope some day to see it. If the swiftest steamer, irrespective of nationality, is to have the privilege of carrying the United States mails, we shall have a wholesome competition excited, and we cannot but believe that this same competition would secure to the public a lower rate of postage, if proper advantage were taken of it.

It is very much to the discredit of the Chamber of Commerce in this city that it has allowed so important a matter as this to be concluded between the two Governments without any remonstrance as to the unnecessarily high rates of postage about to be imposed. Perhaps it was unavoidable that during the war it should have a strong political bias; but the dark days being now happily passed, it is high time that some public body should exist that can fitly represent our commercial interests when these are at stake.

TOWN GOSSIP.

ALTHOUGH the customary July heat is sufficient justification for any one's taking refuge in the country, yet the extra blaze of patriotism incidental upon the celebration of the Fourth of July was a further inducement for even the most confirmed citizen to wander off in search of green fields and pastures new.

Under this extra stimulus, even my old friend, whom for the present we will call Olivia, left his customary haunts, for a sniff of country air. We should like all of our readers who are forced to remain in cities during the heated term to listen to our old friend while he expatiates upon the pre-eminent beauties and conveniences of the city as compared with the dullness and ugly stupidity of the country. In the first place it has no shade, nor is there the constant variety of life which serves as an excitement and occupation to a man of the world.

Besides, too, the persons one meets in the country are animated clods; the world might just as well be passing through its primary geological phases, with its saurians and enormous, unwieldy trilobites, instead of being in the centre and focus of the eager, busy life of the nineteenth century, for all the inhabitants of the country know or care for such secondary matters of interest.

Our friend Olivia, as is evident, is what in London would be expressed by the phrase, a "genuine Cockney." For him the succession of the seasons is a matter he prefers to read of in books, than actual experience in a kitchen garden.

His relations with the vegetable world are bounded by the bill of fare of the restaurant where he takes his meals. Of the species of parental anxiety; of the eagerness of hope and expectation which clusters about a bit of earth in which our own hands have placed a few seeds; of the delight with which the first appearance of a tender leaf just bursting up from the ground is hailed; of the fostering anxiety with which its well-being is looked after, its wants supplied, and its probable injuries foreseen and guarded against, he knows and cares nothing. The elasticity of the sod is nothing to him, compared with the firmness of the pavement on Broadway, while the horse-cars or the omnibuses gratify all his admiration for horse-flesh.

The cow to him is simply a tradition, and were it not for the morning yells of the milkmen, and his daily *café au lait*, we believe that he would be a skeptic concerning either her existence or necessity. But his great objection to the country lies in the people that he meets there. They want a certain snap and vivacity of mind which he finds in his city acquaintances, and which suits admirably his own mental constitution. They are not like the brokers and merchants of down-town, to whom time has a meaning, and moments a value. There business is not measured by bank hours, and three o'clock does not mean the payment of notes, or consequent ruin. They know that the seasons cannot be hurried, that in their own good time they will come, that all they can count on is the general average, and that to-morrow is about as well as to-day.

This kind of habit of mind, which is the natural result of a country life, is a great source of irritation to our friend Olivia. It was most amusing to hear him tell of a visit he paid in the country to escape the terrors of the Fourth. Like all nervously intellectual men he has a horror of sudden and meaningless noises, and the very acme of such nuisances is gained on the Fourth of July in a city, when the whole population, without distinction of age or sex, appears to be given up entirely to the pursuit of the silly popping of crackers.

Like a sensible man, too, he has a certain amount of respect for his body, which the brutish would probably call timidity, and consequently does not care to risk it unnecessarily. So, despite that all his habits were broken into by a country trip, he determined to pass the Fourth in some "remote, unfrequented, solitary, slow" place of retreat, and taking passage in one of the various lines of steamers plying up the Sound, went to visit a friend who lives near a "distant and faceless" town in Connecticut. Landing here early in the morning, hungry and uncomfortable at being obliged to be up at so preposterously early an hour, though he is constitutionally an early riser, his miseries commenced in finding first something to eat, and next a team to carry him to his friend's house.

The detailed account of how the difficulties in the way of attaining these two apparently reasonable ends were overcome, would require a chapter each, to do them full justice. Finally, however, the desired results were compassed, and the balance of the day was spent in quiet, and the nuisance of a Fourth in the city avoided.

The joy with which he again, however, found himself in the city, surrounded with its familiar noise and bustle, repaid him amply for all the trouble and annoyance of the trip. When the lassitude of the heated term overcomes us, when the rows of houses and the hot pavements become a burden, then we turn to our friend Olivia, and gain consolation by leading the conversation to the subject of the country. It is a poor consolation, but it is better than none, and at any rate his tirades amuse us, as an evidence of the diversity of taste needed to make up a world.

Amusements in the City.

One of the theatrical novelties of the week was the *revue* of Miss Julia Dean, who has been playing a round of characters at the Broadway Theatre, commencing on Monday, July 8th, with Julia in "The Hunchback." It is eight years since Miss Dean took leave of the New York public, though the bills set forth this as her "first appearance here in twelve years." In April, 1859, she played a round of characters at Niblo's, appearing in "The Lady of Lyons," "Anthony and Cleopatra," and as *Parthenia* to the *Ingomar* of Mr. Eddy. The lady wears well.

A very well-developed young person called "Mademoiselle Zoe, the Cuban Sylph," is the attraction, at present, on the bills of the New York Theatre. "The French Spy" is the sensational character in which Mademoiselle Zoe seeks to win the regard of summer play-goers. Celeste used to play the "French Spy," and that is all that we feel ourselves called on to say about the matter at present.

Last week the Olympic was occupied by the Arab athletes who have lately been giving their performances at the French Theatre. Sensation has its place here, in the wonderful trapeze performances of the Campomanes brothers, two Spanish acrobats who appear as interlude between the Arabian acts. People come to this kind of exhibition, apparently, in order to enjoy the luxury, in this hot weather, of having their blood run cold. It is a relief to see the Arabs leaping over a *cheval-de-frise* of loaded muskets after having witnessed one Campomanes brother holding on with his teeth to the foot of the other Campomanes brother at a height of forty feet from the stage.

At Wallack's, "The Bells of Shandon" still chime forth nightly, summoning new listeners to their huts. These chimes, by the way, are rather feeble in volume, tinkling like a triangle, rather than pealing like bells. It is hard for us to fancy that old Antonio the bell-founder, should have put himself to the inconvenience he does to recover so small a string of bells as this one shaken nightly at the Olympic. But then the fire companies may have something to say in the matter, and so the "Bells of Shandon" are compelled to tinkle small. Miss Annie Ward, who plays *Norah* in the piece, is bound to become a great favorite with New York play-goers, else we are greatly mistaken.

Shakespeare continues to occupy an asylum at the the Bowery, where "Macbeth" has kept the boards night after night during the week—Mr. Whalley as Macbeth, Mr. Studley as Macduff, and Mrs. W. G. Jones as Lady Macbeth.

Among the additions to Barnard's is Professor Logrenia, who gives magical illusions and exhibits trained animals of the "lower orders," such as mice. A proverb states that "when the cat's away the mice do play," but the Logrenian mice absolutely play in the same entertainment with educated cats. The performances of these animals—and more particularly those of the trained birds—are really very curious, and calculated to stimulate philosophic musings as to the line that exists between reason and instinct.

ART GOSSIP.

THERE is to be seen in Schauss's Gallery a spirited picture by De Haas, representing the famous yacht *Henrietta* lying-to in a heavy gale on the Atlantic. Clouds and billows, in their angriest aspect, are very ably rendered in this picture.

E. Lentze has upon a large canvas a new subject, which he is now working out. It is taken from Tennyson's "Idyll of the King," and represents a river winding through banks, on which gnarled and fantastic trees grow. Down the river there drops a grim-looking boat, on a bier in which lies the dead body of Elaine.

An exhibition of pictures is now open at the Leeds Art Gallery, No. 817 Broadway. There are in it some works by foreign artists of mark, and a few by American. Two pictures by Von Wille are worthy of note: One of these, "Luther being Led a Prisoner to the Wartburg," is a large composition, murky in tone, but full of action and tumult. The other is a small picture, representing the interior of a "Junk Shop." The innumerable accessories here are composed and painted with great care and precision. Anker's "Pride of the Village," a work which has already been exhibited in this city, forms one of the collection, and is, perhaps, one of the best pictures contained in it. Two pictures by the Chevalier Indune, "The Physician's Last Visit" and "Divorce of General Garibaldi," will attract notice from the somewhat novel manner in which they are executed—in strong effects of opposite colors. May's large picture of the "Italian Lovers" makes its *revue* here, and is one of the strongest pictures in the gallery. There is in this collection no small amount of the "rubbish" necessary to cover the walls, but several of the pictures in it are worthy of careful observation.

A. H. Warren is in Central America, where he intends remaining for some months. The architecture and inhabitants of that country have already afforded material for the pencil of Mr. Warren, who will doubtless bring back with him, on his return, many fresh subjects from the same source.

W. J. Hennessy's picture of "The Wanderers" has been purchased by Mr. Riggs, the well-known banker of Washington. This picture, which has never been exhibited, represents an old itinerant fiddler, accompanied by a little girl, wending his way along a stony path. The landscape is in harmony with the sentiment of the composition, and the picture is one of the best yet produced by Mr. Hennessy.

Granville Perkins will look for coast material, during a part of the summer, along the shores of Jersey, in the direction of Long Branch, where picturesque subjects for marine compositions abound.

J. G. Brown, in whose studio we lately saw a brilliant little picture of a child playing with a doll, has gone to Newport, R. I., where he will paint during the summer months.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS, June 23, 1867.

Maximilian—How His Fate is regarded in Europe—Apprehensions for His Safety—Extraordinary Display of French Concilio—Paris, Old and New—The Horrors of Improvements—International Congress—Anthropology—Increase of Emigration—Pigmees no longer Exempt from Military Service—Burial of the Dead Languages.

It is not unnatural that great anxiety should exist among the governing circles of Europe as to the fate of the late so-called Emperor of Mexico. The fear that he may be shot is great, and it rests, and justly, on the decree signed by him, ordering summary execution on all Mexicans or others taken in arms against his authority. We know how ruthlessly this decree was carried out, until modified in practice, although never revoked,

when the Liberals began to retaliate. The Austrian papers now allege that this decree—which it seems to be tacitly admitted would justify proceedings to extremity against its author—was really not Maximilian's, but was drawn up by the French commanders, of whom Maximilian was, at best, the passive, and often the unwilling instrument. They throw the odium of the decree pretty clearly on Napoleon himself, and the friends of Maximilian assert that if the papers connected with the Mexican affair could be reached, they would show that the measure which so shocked the world, and which now imperils the life of the Austrian prince, was counseled by the Emperor himself. They insist that the whole character of Maximilian repels the imputation of cruelty and barbarity, and that however it may be technically, he is certainly not morally guilty of the great crime involved in the issue and execution of that infamous decree. And all the world, Frenchmen perhaps excepted, quite agree with the friends of the unhappy Austrian in opinion. No one believes he would himself have conceived or promulgated such a decree, although it is difficult to see how he can escape its responsibilities.

Under the circumstances of the case, so patent and notorious, one is struck with amazement—if French impudence can any longer excite amazement—in reading the report of the remarks of Baron Dupin in the French Senate on the 19th inst. In expressing the sentiments of national gratitude for the escape of the two Emperors in the Bois de Boulogne, he wished, he said, "to unite the sympathies of France for a third Emperor, who also knows how to face death with intrepidity, and whose life is threatened by armed bands." So far so good; albeit we might object to the Baron's characterization of the armies of the legitimate government of Mexico. But the assumptions that follow, the complacency that makes the Gaul, whom some one has described as combining the vanity of the peacock with the bloodthirstiness of the tiger and the salsaciousness of the monkey, the incarnation of all the virtues, and the visible embodiment of all that is noble and elevated—I say this assumption and complacency would be offensive if they were not ludicrous. The avowed motives of the French in Mexico, and the history of the operations of the French army there, which is a scarcely unbroken record of outrage and rapine, form the best commentary on Baron Dupin's apotheosis of his countrymen. "It is a great honor," he said, "for our soldiers who went to Mexico to have carried with them only heroism, clemency after victory, and every generous and civilizing idea. But it would seem that in returning to their native country they have brought away every virtue, every noble sentiment, nothing but a mark of a country of civilization." It is of importance that from our higher Chamber a word should go forth expressing the wish that a great crime should not be perpetrated, which would be an indelible stigma on the barbarians who might commit it. Hope must be entertained that the voice of humanity will be powerful enough to prevent it. Let us trust that the United States will strive to the last to prevent a misfortune like this; because it is upon that Government above all that the responsibility of it would rest.

The process of reasoning by which the United States could be made responsible for the punishment that a sovereign nation may inflict on its invaders, must be of France, Frenchy. The mass of mankind, nevertheless, will probably place that responsibility on the man who induced Maximilian to go to Mexico, whose satrap dictated the policy and acts for which his life is imperiled, and who then abandoned him to his fate.

The letter of Señor Romero, in which he intimates that the Mexican Government may feel itself obliged to go to extremities with Maximilian, lest, if permitted to escape, he would be made the centre of incessant intrigues against the Republic, has produced a profound sensation, since it gives high reasons of State for a severity only too well justified by the atrocities perpetrated under the sanguinary decree to which I have alluded above.

The departure of the Russian Emperor and the Prussian King has somewhat relieved the plethora of Paris, but it is still crowded and uncomfortable. The Parisians themselves, excepting those who remain to phlebotomize and swindle strangers, have fled the city, as from a pestilence, and the old *habitués* of Paris, who have hitherto visited the city for its enjoyments, feel themselves lost and out of place in the surging, unceasing and incongruous crowds that have taken possession of the streets and avenues of the metropolis. But, apart from the crowd, it is really true that Paris is no longer Paris. It is rapidly losing its individuality, and becoming a wearying succession of broad, flaring streets, with houses all yellow and indistinguishable, in endless rows; so that, except for the occasional landmark of a church or public building, one finds it impossible to tell whether he is in one street or another. Interminable, monotonous avenues, oppressive in their sameness, and no more attractive than the perspective of a railway-track or a double row of poplars, have supplanted the rather narrow, but cool and animated streets of the old city, in which you had to fight yourself against the walls, your nose projecting beyond the curb and the narrow *broader*, when a carriage came rattling past. And the houses, with their wonderful stairways, leading through every social layer, from the shopkeeper's stall on the ground and the low *entresol* in which he lived, through the splendid apartment of the banker or *premier*, the more modest homes of the *bourgeoisie* above, to the small but neat chamber of the *grisette* or *ouvrière* in the attic—all these quaint old houses, with their microcosm of life, have disappeared, or are disappearing, and giving place to dull respectability in Caen stone, set around with cast-iron balconies of uniform pattern, and inhabited by people of like uniformity, who are gradually resolving themselves into Quakers or objects equally formal and solemn. The workman is driven to the outskirts of the town, where it is proposed to immerse him in buildings cast in some uniform mold; and so gradually the strata of society will no longer be superimposed, but set on edge as it were, with the workman and his associates on the outside—something on the plan of the Great Exposition itself.

And so Paris will cease to be Paris, and become as dull and dismal as Belgrave or Philadelphia. It is all very fine to have great, broad streets, radiating from a few centres, for certain purposes; as, for instance, facility of sweeping them with grape-shot. But they are neither picturesque, beautiful or imposing—convenient enough, perhaps, but abominably dear, and dreadfully monotonous.

"Over the Seine" preserves still most of its old features and characteristics. The good old appetizing flavor of garlic pervades it yet; the keepers of the cafes have not yet entered into a covenant to rob you in cold blood of your last sou, nor are you required to pay, as yet, more than five times its value for a bottle of wine. Here I have discovered the old visitors to Paris—those who know it and how to enjoy it, and who used to live on the court side of the river—have found a last refuge. And I go over to see them occasionally, to condole and be consoled with, and to sigh over our coffee and cognac for the "good old days" before the rule and the square became incarnate in the *Siva* of Paris, the fend Hausmann. If he could only be let loose in London for a while, or Boston, he might do some good; but in Paris he was not needed. What if he does, as the wretch says he will, reduce the death-rate of the city, and "improve its sanitary condition"? Will he not drive away "Toute-le-Monde" and all his relatives? What if he does give *estray* to the ghost of Euclid, or whoever he was, who invented rectangles and triangles, if at the same time he impales every visitor on a right line, or splits him on an isosceles? Euclid doesn't patronize the shops on the boulevards, and *Toute-le-Monde* does, Ergo!

The gathering at the Exposition has been made the occasion for the meeting of all sorts of Congresses, generally intitled "International." There is to be one to help to bring about the introduction of a common standard of weights and measures; another to consider a common standard of money, "a consummation devoutly to be wished;" and there is to be an Anthropological Congress, to convene on the 17th of August, when the long-forgotten questions of the origin and antiquity of man are to be freely discussed. It is no longer to be disputed that man was contemporary with animals which no longer exist, and lived in Europe as well as in other parts of the world when the mammoth and the fossil reindeer were his companions.

The Exposition has a most interesting and remarkable collection of remains demonstrating these great facts, which will probably take new force and authority through the influence of the projected Congress.

Emigration to America is assuming such proportions that many of the European Governments are taking measures to discourage it. France is jealous of the spread of any kind of information, particularly as regards the United States, that is likely to stimulate it. In the month of May 8,535 emigrants sailed from Havre, of which all but 91 were bound to the United States. Great numbers of Italians are leaving, but these go generally to South America, where Buenos Ayres and some other States are holding out inducements of every kind to settlers. There are 70,000 Europeans in Buenos Ayres alone, of whom more than one-half reside in the capital. Italy has supplied most of these emigrants; France comes next, having sent out most of the shopkeepers. There are 38,000 Irishmen in the Argentine Republic, residing chiefly in the rural districts and tending sheep. In addition there are ten different colonies, composed of Swiss, Welsh and other Europeans, and embracing 7,600 souls. The Argentine Government has resorted to every means of encouraging and rendering them self-sustaining. For example, it forwarded during a long period regular supplies of provisions to a Welsh colony which settled on the River Chupat in Patagonia. It furthermore provides asylums where emigrants on their landing can obtain board and lodging absolutely free of expense.

In view of these efforts to secure emigrants and the favorable results attending them, an English journal thinks that South America bids fair to become a formidable rival to the United States in the matter of obtaining European population.

I mentioned in a recent letter that the proposed augmentation of the French Army could not be made without lowering the standard, which had previously been lowered, in recruits or conscripts. The Government plan is now out, and the standard of height is to be lowered two centimetres, or over three-quarters of an inch, so that the standard of height will be only one metre and fifty-four centimetres, equal to about five feet and a fourth of an inch. However, the weight of testimony and fact goes to show that for all the essentials of the soldier, except show, the little man is better than the big one. He is more active, has more endurance, and costs less.

Gradually mediocrism is disappearing, even in Europe. Some time ago a number of the "faculties" of German colleges petitioned for the repeal of the compulsory use of Latin in the dissertations and disputations requisite on the occasion of the "promotion" to doctorships. This repeal has been granted, and, further, the use of German has been allowed for prize dissertations to those universities which petitioned for it. Königsberg commenced the move, Breslau followed, and next came Bonn. The last-named university has received a "receipt," according to which Latin is only to be retained in essays on classical philology, theology, and jurisprudence, the other disciplines being free to choose their own language.

"SPEAK, SIR!"

This picture is engraved from the original by Auguste Toulouche, which is now in a private gallery in this city. The artist is a Belgian, and the style of the picture shows the elaborateness of care and finish which has always characterized the Netherlands school, with an infusion of the sentiment and delicacy which it has derived from its modern connection with French art.

THE CITY OF VERA CRUZ.

THE real name of this seaport town of Mexico, is *Villa Rica de la Vera Cruz*—the rich city of the true cross. The city is situated in a sandy, marshy and unhealthy plain on the south-west shore of the Gulf of Mexico. It presents an imposing appearance from the sea, is defended by the strong castle of San Juan de Ula, built upon an island about half a mile from the shore, and consists of several squares and regular streets, with houses of coral limestone, sometimes three stories high, flat roofed, and generally with piazzas. The principal buildings are sixteen churches, only six of which are in use, though the cupolas of all remain, and form conspicuous objects from the sea; the Government House, which is tolerably handsome, and some dilapidated monasteries. The city was founded in the latter half of the sixteenth century, near the spot where Cortez first landed, and obtained the rank of a city in 1615. Its population once amounted to about 20,000, but in 1854 was only 8,228, and has since rather diminished than increased. The recent civil war in Mexico has called public attention frequently to the city, it being the seaport of the capital, and the base of the operations of the invading army.

GENERAL THOMAS MEJIA.

LITTLE is known of the early life of this general, who, supporting the church party in the recent civil war in Mexico, was put to death by the liberal party. He was, however, of the pure Indian race, and prided himself upon being descended from the Aztec rulers of ancient Mexico. To this claim is ascribed much of the influence he had among the native population. He was, as a man, generally taciturn in company, though devoted to his friends, and generous to his enemies, and in all the situations of his life, which has been full of adventure and change, he was serene, fearless and full of spirit, and nowhere displayed these qualities more than in his closing scenes. It is singular that, descended as he was, and proud of such a descent, he should have espoused the cause he did, but the fact shows the diversity of opinion and interest which has hitherto divided the people of Mexico. It is to be hoped that from the suffering and sacrifices of the struggle, a national spirit and unity may be produced, which will give to Mexico the position as a nation which the advantages of her climate and soil give her in the physical world.

PICTURE CRITIC.—A lady and gentleman were standing before a picture by Millais, which most of our readers will remember, called "Trust Me," in which an elderly squire confronts his daughter who holds a letter behind her back. The picture admits of more explanations than one, for Mr. Millais has a rare faculty of putting blended expressions into his faces. But the explanation this gentleman was overheard giving his companion is as new, we will be bound to say, to the painter as to our readers. "You see," he said, "she has got a letter in her hand, which she is keeping back from the man with the red coat. Well, he is the postman, and has just given her the letter; I suppose it's from abroad. She hasn't the money to pay the postage, so she says—'Trust me.' The explanation was given with perfect gravity, and in apparent good faith. It was gratefully accepted, in the same spirit; and the lady seemed proud of her companion's intelligence, in so rapidly reading the riddle. At the Dublin Exhibition, a gentleman with two ladies stopped opposite Miss Hosmer's "Sleeping Faun." The figure is nearly nude. The gentleman read the subject, and sculpts' name, from his catalogue. One of the ladies said, "Well—if a woman made that, all I say is, she ought to be ashamed of herself!" "So she ought!" echoed her companion. And they passed on indignant.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

—The Constitutional Convention continues its sittings and its debates, but the reports of its proceedings do not justify a feeling of certainty that any unfeeling political panacea for the ills of the body politic is to be expected from its labors. It is well however to follow its proceedings in order to see with what little wisdom it is proposed to govern the State and to form a correct opinion of the merit of those who undertake it.

—It is estimated that the Indian war now on our hands is costing about one million of dollars a week, and that when the arrangements for prosecuting it with vigor are completed and put in operation, the expenses will be about five millions a week. Thus far, since the troubles began, each Indian killed has cost about one million of dollars and the lives of ten white men. It would seem as though the matter might be managed better, particularly since the Commissioner of Indian Affairs thinks it could be amicably settled in three months, had he authority to send out a commission.

—It is reported that a swimming academy is in course of construction in this city, which will have a bath seventy-five feet long and thirty-five wide, which will be warmed in winter. There is room and need for many such.

—The numerous new processes of manufacture introduced in the last ten or twenty years have been increased by the establishment of a factory for making water-pails, wash-basins, pichers, &c., out of paper. The articles are covered with a paint which enables them to stand a heat of over 200 degrees, and are lighter, more lasting and cheaper than the old style.

—The Japanese have purchased the ram *Stonewall*, and are desirous of getting other vessels of our manufacture into their possession, and also of introducing machinery for rifling cannon, and many other processes, into their country. It would seem as if the movement of the East toward civilization was singularly general. The Chinese have introduced into their schools an examination in various branches of European science, and our school-books are to be used in the schools of Japan, while in Turkey, the Sultan, by his recent visit to the Great Exposition, has disregarded the express injunction of the Koran, and opened the way to the influx of European habits into Turkey.

—The use of petroleum as fuel for steam-engines is attracting great attention, and some most successful experiments were recently made with a Government steamer. The innovation will be of great importance, not only with steamers, but in the warming of our houses and the cooking of our food.

—The New York Citizens' Association has published a plan for the regeneration of the government of this city. The recent report of the comptroller, stating that the taxes will be \$23,000,000, is enough to set people thinking earnestly whether the management of the city could not be improved. Many of the suggestions of the association would result well if properly carried out.

—The military posts established along the routes which are to become the great national thoroughfares, cost the Government in 1854, \$25,000,000, and in 1855, \$67,000,000, and from present indications, \$150,000,000 will not cover the expense for the past twelvemonths.

Foreign.

—When Lord Wellington saw the first railway train in motion, he exclaimed, "There goes the aristocracy of England," for he felt that its exclusiveness would be destroyed, and had no conception of an aristocracy which could maintain itself by any other means. The difference, however, between this narrowness of thought and the breadth of modern vision, is shown in a speech recently by John Bright, in which he said, "In the highest class—that of high titles, privileges, and great wealth—there has been an amazing advancement in everything that is creditable to that class during the last thirty years." The difference is that between conservatism or prejudice, and progress or humanity.

—It is announced in England that the postage between that country and this is going to be reduced from a shilling to a sixpence. The move is one in the right direction, and the only fault to be found with it is, that it is not proposed to reduce it to three-pence.

—Quite recently Victor Hugo's play "Hernani," was reproduced in the Theatre Français at Paris. As during the last thirteen years any play of Hugo's had been interdicted, the occasion was one of great interest, and the tickets were divided among the officials and the author's friends. This last class applauded loudly, and the first were forced to do the same, so as to prevent its being said that Hugo's friends had given him a triumph against the adherents of the government. Just before the commencement of the acting, the censor struck out the lines speaking with contempt of the life of kings, on account, as was supposed, of the recent attempt at assassination. The author had also revised the piece, but the passages, "I will crush in the egg your imperial eagle," and "Purple suits you better, since it hides the stains of blood," were loudly applauded. The audience insisted also on hearing many of the passages which had been struck out by the censor repeated, and in some cases, as the actor did not know them, having studied only the parts given them, this caused a good deal of trouble. The success, however, of the performance was so great, that it is supposed the authority will order the withdrawal of the piece.

—The Sultan intends to visit England, and there is great excitement concerning how he is to be lodged during his stay in London. It was reported that Buckingham Palace was being prepared for his reception, but now it appears that he will stop with Mr. Lurking, his agent in England, or else at a hotel at the expense of the State. The *Times* thinks such an arrangement is hardly mortifying to the dignity of England, while the *Star*, commenting on the dignity of everything entertaining, thinks it would be better to carry him to Manchester and show him what the industry of a nation can be, rather than foster his present knowledge of what the brute force of an army can be made. The excitement and discussion concerning the whole matter is very amusing to a republican.

—The recent displays of ruffianism in London, when organized mobs of thirty or forty roughs went through the streets at the West End, capturing respectable passers-by and robbing them of everything valuable about them, is still engaging the serious attention of the English press. The *Times* advises flagging the culprits when caught, not seeming to see that any punishment which degrades the criminal makes him the more unable to comprehend the motives which should counterbalance the temptation to do wrong, and thus tends directly to counterbalance the deterrent effect of the punishment.

—It appears that the outrages of the Trade Unions in Sheffield, which are the subject now of so much ill-considered comment in the English press, took place eight years ago, and that the Trade Unions, as a body, have most energetically repudiated them, and the progress of public opinion since then has been steadily against such demonstrations. Yet it is very likely that the excitement the disclosures have produced will result in some stupid sort of repressive legislation, the only effect of which will be to increase the evil it will attempt to modify.

—A petition has been presented to the French Senate to have the remains of Louis Philippe transferred from England to France. The measure is supposed to be a cunning move of the Orleans party.

—The Lord Mayor of London, with some of the sheriffs, intends visiting the Great Exposition, and, as a preparation toward appearing in all his grandeur, has sent over the state carriages used on official occasions. The wonder his appearance will excite among the French can be better imagined than described.

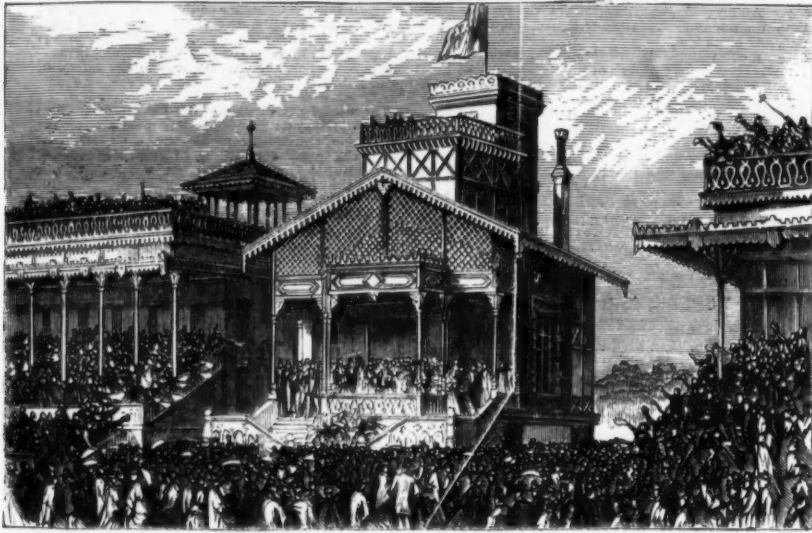
The Pictorial Spirit of the European Illustrated Press.



THE HOLBORN VALLEY VIADUCT, LONDON, IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

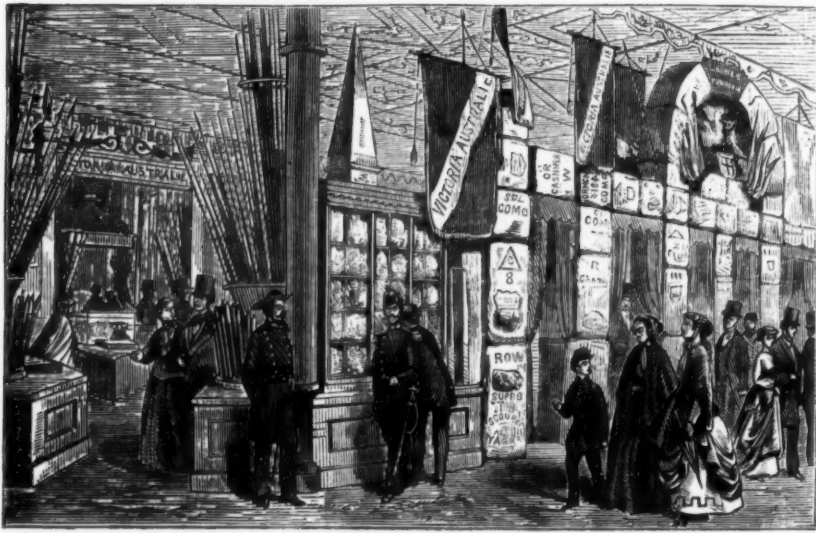
Holborn Valley Viaduct, London. The Holborn Valley Improvement in London consists of a viaduct, supporting a roadway, between Hatton

It will be carried in a straight line to the western side of Farringdon street, occupying nearly the whole of the space which now or recently formed Skinner



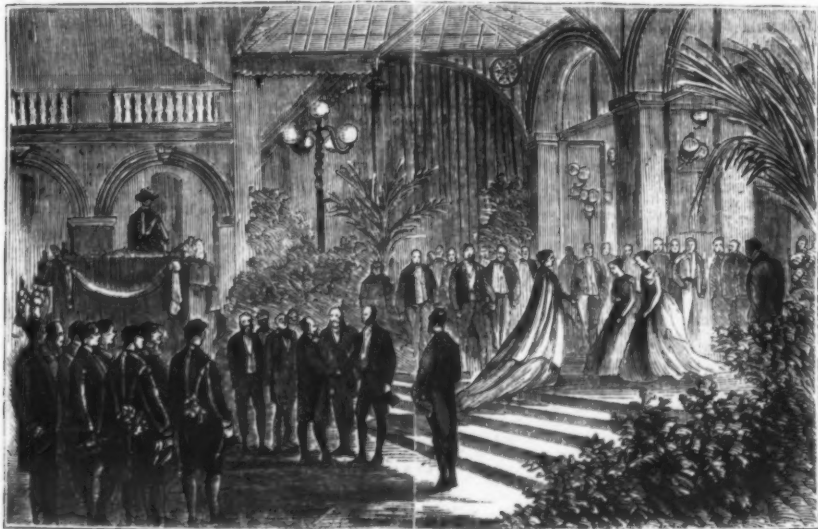
THE IMPERIAL STAND AT THE COURSE, LONGCHAMPS, PARIS.

Garden and the western end of Newgate street, and street, as well as a large portion of the sites of the two side streets connecting the upper with the lower or houses on that line of thoroughfare; it will include also



ENTRANCE TO THE AUSTRALIAN SECTION, PARIS EXPOSITION.

Farringdon street level. The line of roadway on the viaduct will be eighty feet in width, and will commence at the western end of Newgate street; from that point a portion of the churchyard of St. Sepulchre. From Farringdon street westward it will be carried by a gentle curve to the end of Hatton Garden, occupying

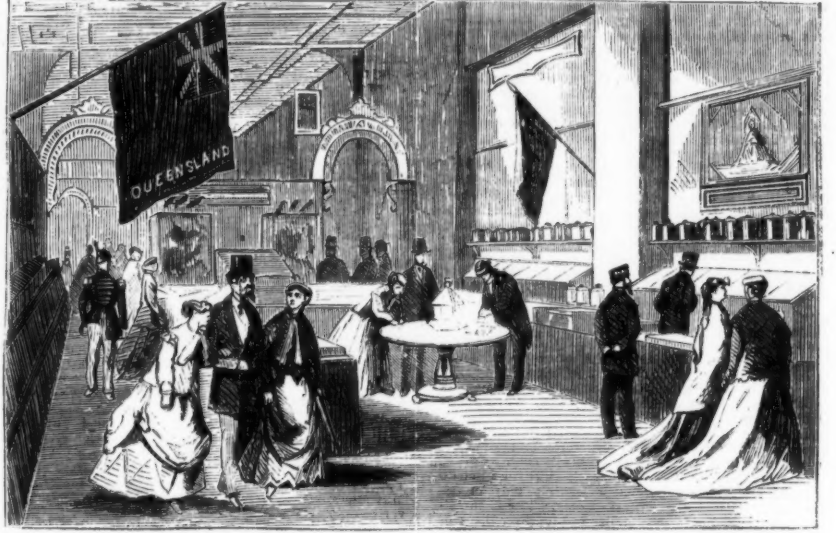


RECEPTION OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS BY THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER, AT THE BALL OF THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY, PARIS.



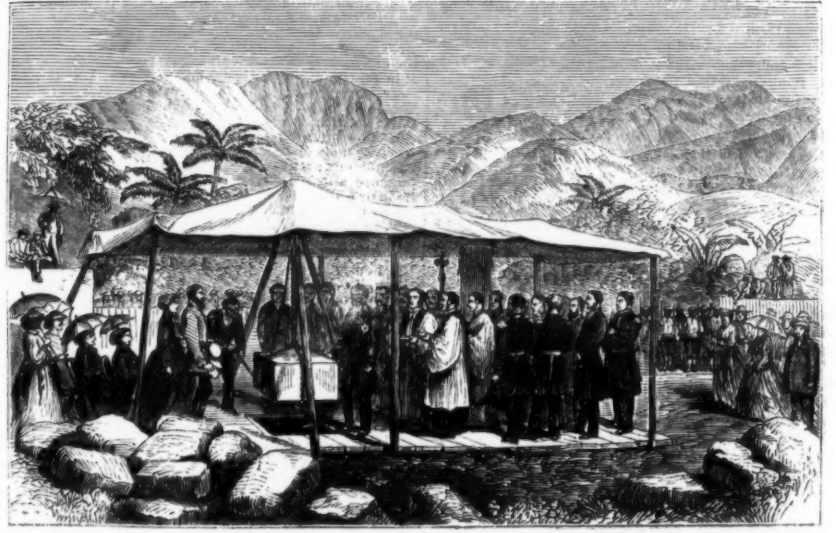
VISIT OF THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER TO THE PARIS EXPOSITION—BREAKFAST AT THE RESTAURANT.

the sites of the houses which formerly stood on the southern side of Holborn Hill, and the largest portion of the present roadway at that spot; it will also occupy St. Sepulchre's Church to Farringdon street the gradient will be 1 in 153, and from Farringdon street to Hatton Garden 1 in 143; for all the purposes of



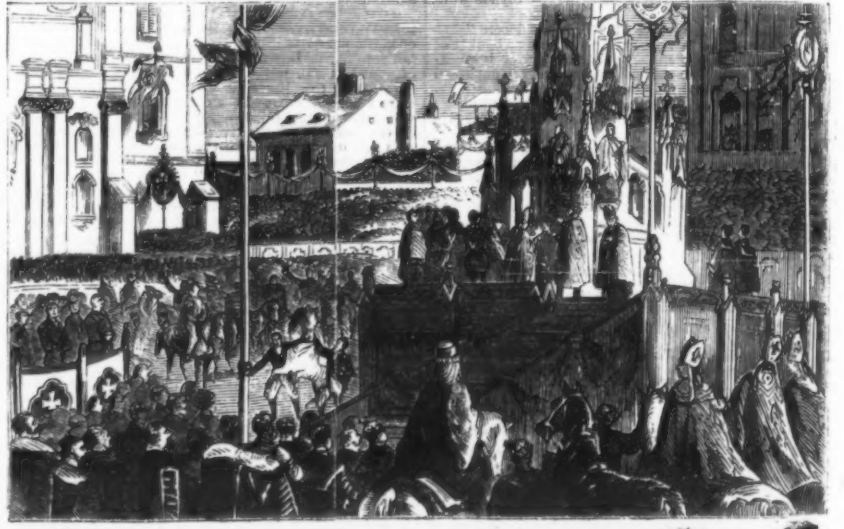
THE QUEENSLAND DEPARTMENT, PARIS EXPOSITION.

part of the churchyard of St. Andrew's, Holborn. From Newgate street to the entrance of St. Sepulchre's traffic, therefore, the viaduct may be said to be level. The viaduct in its formation will include vaultage be-

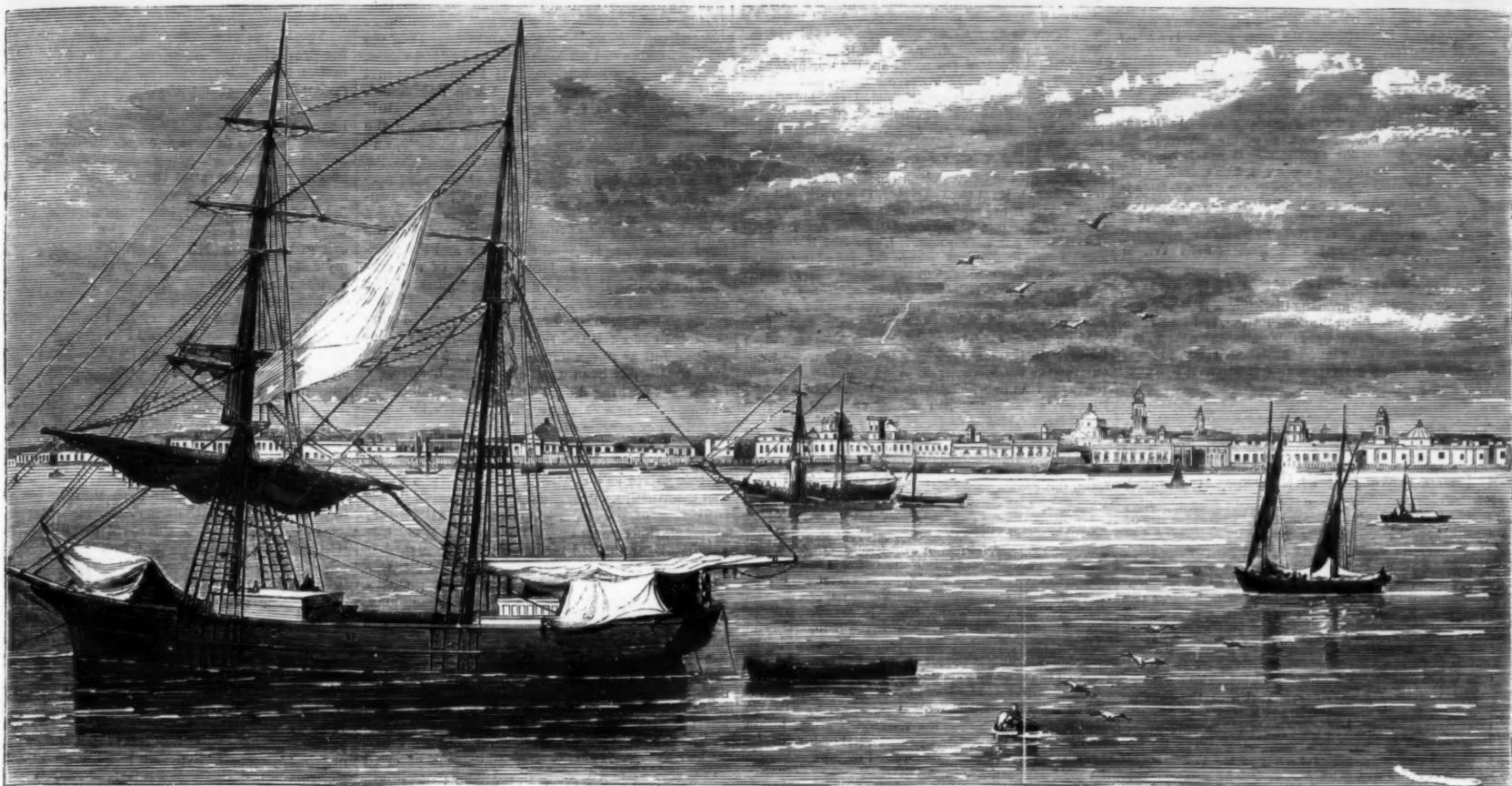


KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF A CATHEDRAL AT HONOLULU.

Church the gradient will be about 1 in 696, and at his point the eastern approach street from Farringdon road will join the viaduct on its northern side; from these vaults will be a subway for the gas and water



THE CORONATION OF THE KING OF HUNGARY—THE KING SWEARING TO MAINTAIN THE CONSTITUTION, IN FRONT OF THE CHURCH AT PESTH.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF VERA CRUZ, MEXICO.—SEE PAGE 291.

pipes, and between each subway, and forming the centre of the viaduct, the roadway will be carried on a series of arches. The footway vaults at the point next to Farringdon street will be three tiers in height on each side of the road, and they will gradually diminish, both eastward and westward, until, at Hatton Garden and at Newgate street, they will be but one tier in height. The general height of the subways will be about eleven feet six inches, and their width seven feet; they will be constructed of brickwork, except where they are carried over the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, and at that point they will be altered in form and be constructed of iron; the tops of the subways will be but a small depth beneath the footway pavement; and at Farringdon street and Shoe lane vertical shafts will be formed, to enable connections to be made between the pipes in the subways and those in the streets named. In each subway provision is made for water, gas, and telegraph pipes, all of which will be so placed that their joints can be inspected and repairs made without difficulty. The subways will be well ventilated, and tubes will be left between the subways and the vaults of the houses for the introduction of the service-pipes to the various premises. At each end of the subways, as well as beneath the bridges at Farringdon street and Shoe lane, there will be entrances for the purpose of admitting work-people and taking in any materials that may be needed. Imme-

diately beneath the subways are sewers; drains from every alternate house vault will be constructed to these sewers at the time the viaduct is built; and the mode of construction of sewers, drains, and street-gullies is such that it is believed it will never be necessary to break up the surface of the viaduct, when it is once formed, to repair or cleanse them. The central vaults beneath the carriage-ways will be formed by arches springing from east to west; they will be ventilated into the carriage-way; the level of their flooring will be such as to enable carts and trucks to be easily drawn along them; they will be commodious, dry, and have a uniform temperature, and, it is anticipated, will be valuable for many purposes of trade and commerce. The entrance to these vaults will be in the abutments of the bridges over Shoe lane and Farringdon street. On the top of the footway vaults and the subways the footway pavements will be laid, and the carriage-way will be principally laid over the large central vaults. Farringdon street will be crossed by a cast-iron bridge of an ornamental character. It will be in three spans, supported by piers, one row being on the outer edge of each footway; these piers, as well as the outer abutment piers, are to be formed of polished granite; the height of the bridge next to the curbstones will be sixteen feet, and in the centre the minimum height will be twenty-one feet, which is considerably more than sufficient for the traffic.

The Imperial Stand at the Races at Longchamps, Paris.

Our illustration represents the Imperial Stand at Longchamps, which on Sunday, June 2, was on occasion of the races, occupied by the Emperor and the royal guests who had come to Paris for the purpose of visiting the Grand Exposition.

Entrance to the Australian Section in the Great Exposition.

The entrance façade to the courts of the various Australian colonies, which is in the Rue des Indes, is formed of bales of wool from Victoria, surmounted by brilliantly-colored flags, with the names of the colonies emblazoned on them in gilt letters; these, with the curtains with which the doorways are hung, give it rather an attractive appearance. In the centre of the façade is a niche in which are placed a kangaroo and some native bird similar to an ostrich; and almost beneath this, in another niche, is a collection of photographic views of the principal towns of the colony of Victoria.

Reception of the Emperor and Empress by the Czar at the Ball of the Russian Embassy.

Among the brilliant fêtes given in Paris, on the occasion of the visit of the Emperor of Russia, that at the Russian Embassy was perhaps the most splendid. It is reported that Alexander determined to spend a million of dollars during his stay in the French capital,

and no inconsiderable portion of it was consumed in the expenses of this ball. Our illustration represents the Emperor and Empress received by the Czar, since as the ball was given in honor of the Russian Ambassador, it could be considered as given in Russia, and the Czar could act as the host.

Visit of the Emperor Alexander to the Great Exposition—The Breakfast at the Russian Restaurant.

Our illustration represents the Emperor Alexander breakfasting at the Russian restaurant, during his visit to the Great Exposition.

The Queensland Department in the Paris Exposition.

Queensland, whose court in the Great Exposition is next to that of Victoria, exhibits a very large and very interesting collection of stuffed birds, specimens of native wood, minerals and grains; unspun and spun wools of various qualities, as well as some jewelry made from native gold, pearls and diamonds—the pearls are badly shaped and yellow, while the diamonds, though large, lack lustre; in the same case with the jewelry is a gold nugget, weighing eighty-four ounces, found at Gladstone in the colony, and some bits of gold-producing quartz. More important still is the large slab of malachite, partially polished, which is placed in front of this case, as a specimen of the ore from which the best qualities of English copper are made, and which,



THE LATE EX-GOVERNOR JOHN A. KING, OF N. Y.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEWIS, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 300.



THE LATE GEN. TOMAS MEJIA, OF THE IMPERIAL ARMY OF MEXICO.—SEE PAGE 291.

with the wool on which Queensland especially prides herself, forms the chief wealth of the colony.

The King of the Sandwich Islands Laying the Corner-Stone of a Cathedral at Honolulu.

On the 31st of March last the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of a cathedral took place at Honolulu. The ceremony was performed by the King in the presence of the leading chiefs, the Governors of several adjacent islands, and the representatives of the United States and England. In our illustration, Queen Emma, the widow of the late King, is represented as seated at the right hand of the King, with her native ladies in attendance. The cathedral will be cruciform, measuring 160 feet in length with an average width of sixty. It is situated on a plot of two acres in Honolulu, given for this purpose by the late King Kamehameha IV., to whose memory it is dedicated.

The Coronation of the King of Hungary.

This illustration represents the King of Hungary taking the oath to maintain the Constitution, and forms one of a series of illustrations of this noteworthy event, the others of which will be found described in another place of this issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

The Coronation of the King of Hungary at Pesth.

PESTH, the capital of Hungary, is situated on the right bank of the Danube, and directly opposite, and connected with it by two bridges, is the older city of Ofen, captured and recaptured by the Turks. Ofen is often called Buda. Pesth and Ofen are really the same city, like New York and Brooklyn, and the ceremonies of the coronation were about equally divided between them. In Ofen is the palace and the fortress of the Hungarian King, and there the coronation took place; but the oath was administered to the king in the parish church at Pesth. The beautiful suspension bridge, which joins the two cities, was reserved for the royal cortege and most elegantly decorated.

The streets of both cities flamed with the flags of Hungary, Austria and Bavaria, the latter out of compliment to the queen. Along the route of the procession tribunes had been erected, seats on which sold for most extraordinary prices in advance. From every window hung a flag, a banner, a piece of colored cloth or of tapestry. All the larger buildings were hung with evergreens, and everywhere the crown and the monogram of the king and queen were displayed.

The tribunes, lined with scarlet and decked with flags and banners presented a most picturesque appearance. From the hills of Ofen Pesth lies spread out before you like a map; from Pesth, Ofen seems to rise like an amphitheatre, and the effect of the decorations on both sides of the river was, therefore, remarkably fine.

The stores and houses of both cities were closed; the whole population were in the streets. Hundreds of strangers from all parts of the world had assembled to witness the display. Representatives from every part of Hungary crowded into the capital, some of them having traveled hundreds of miles on foot. What with the decorations and the costumes, the spectator seemed to be transported back into the middle ages. Barbarism and civilization, the magnificence of the Orient and of the West, united to add splendor to the pageant. Nothing like it has been seen during the present century, and in all probability nothing like it will ever be seen again in Europe. It was the apotheosis of the romantic and the picturesque.

Weeks and months have been passed and millions of dollars expended in preparing for the coronation. The direct ceremonies commenced with the procession which conveyed the ancient crown of St. Stephen from the palace to the church at Ofen. This was an earnest of the next day's parade. The crown, guarded by a regiment of Hungarian cavalry and by the emperor's own guard of gentlemen, was carried by the bishops in the royal carriage and solemnly deposited in the sacristy, a formal record being made of the transaction in the archives of the kingdom. Austrian soldiers fenced the route from the palace to the church, and vast crowds of people assembled to witness the passage of the soldiers and the carriages. The emperor's guard remained on duty at the church all night protecting the sacred crown.

Across the bridge came the procession the next day escorting the king from the garrison church at Ofen to the parish church at Pesth, where the oath was administered. The nobles from all the districts of Hungary rode before the king, dressed in robes which vied with each other in splendor. Their horses were caparisoned with trappings of gold and saddled with every hue. Pages in superb liveries walked beside them. It seemed like some fanciful dream of feudal times as these brilliant noblemen passed slowly out of sight along the river bank, only to be succeeded by others still more elegantly attired.

In the midst of the magnificent throng, and preceded by a knight in silver armor, came the king, wearing his crown and mantle, and looking like one of the crusaders revived. Following him were the bishops, also on horseback, and then more noblemen, and then the troops of Hungarian cavalry. Shouts of "Ejnye!" rent the air, and broke the dead silence of admiration and wonder which had reigned since the dazzling cavalcade first appeared. Then another silence ensued as the king vanished down the street leading to the parish church.

At the door of the church the king waited for a moment until the queen had entered her carriage, as gorgeous as that of Cinderella in the fairy tale, and driven off to the boat which was to convey her across to Pesth, the Hungarians having refused her permission to ride in the procession with her husband, as she desired, because it would be "unconstitutional;" then his majesty turned and walked to the garrison church, about three hundred yards distant, followed by his minister and nobles. Between the two churches a plank walk had been laid down and carpeted with the national colors. The scene in the square in front of the church was now magnificent. On every side waved flags, banners and tapestries. In front of the church the gorgeous carriages stood waiting for the peeresses and diplomatists, who thronged brilliantly out at the doorway. The files of soldiers kept an open space, and beyond them were the crowds of spectators, packing the streets, filling the windows and covering the housetops. Across the square the king and his cortege defiled in splendid procession, the long golden mantle of his majesty glittering in the sunlight, and his crown ablaze with jewels.

The garrison church is a small, plain, old edifice, and as its decorations had been entrusted to the soldiers, comparatively little had been done. The barrack wall adjoining was screened with evergreens and the national colors, however, and wreaths of artificial flowers hung here and there.

As the king entered the church, a rush was made for the carpet over which he had walked, and it was soon torn into fragments, the people fighting angrily for the

pieces. The ceremony inside the church was very simple. The sixteen gentlemen who had been selected to receive the Order of the Golden Spur knelt before his majesty, who touched each of them lightly upon the shoulder with his sword. As he did this, the kneeling knight exclaimed in Latin, "I am not worthy." His majesty hurried through the ceremony, and left the church, mounting his cream-colored charger waiting at the door. His escort also mounted, and speedily the cavalcade started for Pesth, receiving new accessions as it passed along.

Before reaching the bridge, the Financial Minister scattered gold and silver coins among the crowd, who scrambled for them most eagerly. This traditional custom is intended to represent the beneficence of the sovereign, and is one of the many Oriental usages which the Hungarians have preserved. In fact Hungary is more Asiatic than European even yet, and all the ancient forms so rigidly observed to-day are considered indispensable by even the most intelligent of her people. The effect which they have upon the masses is incalculable.

At a quarter past eleven o'clock, the king arrived on the elevated tribune erected for the occasion, and without further ceremony, read in an impressive, manly voice, the oath by which he bound himself to maintain Hungary's constitution, to use all endeavors to keep intact the present boundaries of the kingdom, and if occasion offered, to increase them to their former limits. Loud shouts of "Ejnye!" immediately greeted the conclusion of the ceremony, and descending from his platform, the Emperor once more mounted and rode toward the Franz Joseph quay.

The quay at Pesth, upon which the suspension-bridge debouches, had been transformed for this occasion into a splendid square, framed in with tribunes richly decorated. The buildings on three sides of this square were completely covered with wreaths of evergreens, mottoes, flags, strips of bunting, mammoth crowns, gilt inscriptions and the royal monograms. Poles were planted around this square, and decked with the Hungarian and Bavarian flags, and the colors of the Hapsburgs. In the centre of the quay is the mound of earth, formed of soil from all the most famous places in Hungary, up which the king had to ride to flash his sword to the four quarters of the globe. This mound is fenced by a superb marble railing, bearing the Hungarian arms, but in marble, and it will remain as a memorial of the coronation. Of course the tribunes around the square were in the greatest demand, and the most crowded.

As the horsemen came into the square they faced about, so that the oval space around the mound was now framed in with cavalry, the horses standing as closely as they could be packed, and the line being nearly a mile in extent. The riders were all Hungarians, but the variety of their uniforms was infinite. Together they formed a wonderful ring of richly caparisoned horses and superbly dressed riders. Uniforms of crimson, scarlet, purple, blue, yellow, green, black, canary color, gold, pearl color, bear skins, leopard skins, wolf skins, trimmings of gold, of silver, of ermine, of sable. Every costume was perfectly new, and the materials were silk, velvet or rich cloth. The effect was perfectly bewildering. The brightness of the colors, the glittering of the profusion of gold lace and embroidery, the sparkle of innumerable jewels, pained the eye. Inside this magical circle of horsemen were gathered groups not less brilliant. The scarlet uniforms of the King's Guard, the brilliant liveries of his lackeys, the robes of the bishop gleaming with a silvery sheen, and the gorgeous costumes of the attendant nobles, some of whom were dressed in coats of genuine cloth of gold, formed a combination that outshone the sun in splendor.

The banners of the various counties of Hungary were embroidered with gold. The very boots of many of the nobles were encrusted with the precious metal. The buttons of their coats were of solid gold set with gems. The breasts of the Austrian officers blazed with orders. The shimmer of diamonds caught the gaze on every hand. The sight was positively dulled by the glare and glitter of the costumes and decorations. The whole square seemed a solid mass of burnished gold and polished jewels. No one could have imagined such a scene. The splendors of the Arabian Nights are tame when compared with it.

Into this wonderful throng the king came galloping on his cream-white steed, and dashed to the top of the mound. There pausing, he drew his sword, and, wheeling his horse about, gave a cut to each point of the compass, symbolizing his determination to defend Hungary against the world. One of the finest riders in Austria, the king never appeared to better advantage than when performing this final and barbaric ceremony. The people shouted themselves hoarse with delight. A moment more, and his majesty had dashed down the hill again, and was lost in the radiant crowd at its foot.

The Service of Plate.

I HAVE been in one situation forty years, and, like a squirrel in a cage, have progressed by going the same round every day; yet I have had my little ambitions, which, however, never interfered with the due digestion of my eight o'clock breakfast, one o'clock dinner, six o'clock tea, and nine o'clock supper; indeed, my life ran on in a calm, untroubled stream, devoid of precipices and antagonistic rocks; in fact, it could not be called a murmuring stream.

I married at five and twenty, as my dear parents said that the proper age had arrived for me to settle. Knowing my timidity and unworldliness, they took upon themselves the onus of the courtship. By their foresight they secured me a prize in the mild daughter of remarkably mild parents, who were well to do, and had but that one treasure; thus the current of my true love was a smooth contradiction to the old adage.

These few lines give an exact idea of my whole life, to write more would be positively repetition, until, alas! I became unfortunately fortunate; but, before I proceed, I must just mention that our union was blessed with three girls. I really had nearly forgotten them, bless them! they were so quiet.

One morning—I tremble as I write it—a letter was handed to me. I borrowed my eldest girl's scissors to snip round the seal, for I am too methodical to tear anything. I read. Good heavens! my face flushed and my hand shook, my wife and daughter crowded round me, alarmed at my unwonted agitation. I read it aloud, and they partook of my excitement. It was to inform me that "a public charity, to which I had been honorary secretary for many years, proposed, as they were pleased to say, to present me, for my honor, probity and usefulness, with a service of plate!"

Our five hearts throbbed tumultuously. What was "a service of plate?" Such was my confusion, that I believe I was two and a half minutes beyond my time at the office, and I found our old porter looking out for me at the end of the street, for the firm firmly believed that I must have met with some dreadful accident. I was bewildered, and muttered as I went, "A service of plate!" Our desires hitherto had been satisfied with the spoons and ladles of our deceased parents, and never for a moment entertained the most distant idea of adding to the stock, so that we were perfectly innocent of what a service of plate consisted of.

We soon knew what it was. I will pass over the intervening days between the letter and the presentation, the agony and disturbance of my system on the day thereof, and the speeches of the chairman and committee, and my reply. The secretary put something down in the minutes purporting to be a faithful report of that bit of eloquence, but as to my having spoken it, I have not even to this day been weak enough to believe. I remember nothing distinctly until I found myself rolling home in a carriage, half filled with packages—"The service of plate!"

Upon my arrival at home, my wife and daughters soon brought to light the magnificent present, first—a salver as large as a tea-tray, upon which was inscribed, as nearly as I could recollect, the substance of the chairman's speech, attributing to me all the virtues under the sun (here my wife and daughters kissed me, evidently astonished at possessing such a father and husband); next a tea-pot went the round of admiration; then a coffee-pot, milk-jug, sugar-basin, and tea-spoons, delightfully heavy, royal pattern, saddle-head and handled; as I afterward learned, again and again were they handled and admired; but we were not alone in our admiration, for, looking through the parlor window at the glittering treasure, were two three as ill-looking fellows as ever terrified a quiet family. We drew the window-curtains in their faces, and they sneaked off, but they had seen the service of plate, and our peace of mind was gone. A knock came to the door; one of the rascals wanted to know whether Mr. Thompson lived there, at the same time a large brass plate with my name thereon stared him in the face. Ah! we were marked down to be robbed.

What should we do? Why, lock it up in various closets; divide it in a way to distract the most experienced burglar; at least, by that stratagem we should not lose it all at once. The servants had luckily been kept in ignorance of our acquisition, and, consequently, could not gossip in the neighborhood.

I do not think that I, my wife or daughters, slept a wink that night. The service of plate was galloping through our brains to the utter destruction of our usual calm repose.

The next morning arrived, and all was safe. I cut the morning paper, when, guess my horror, the first thing that caught my eye was: "Presentation of Plate;" there was my name in full length, even my residence was not forgotten, so that no one might be mistaken in the fortunate individual, or where this lump of silver was deposited. It was a positive invitation—a finger-post, one might say—to burglars; nothing less than "This is the way to the service of plate!"

I saw my own horror reflected in the faces of my family. I went to town an anxious, miserable man, the front gate and the front door were locked after me, and in my way to town I called on the carpenter to go immediately and secure the back door and shutters with extra bolts, &c.

As I deposited the office ledgers in the iron safe that evening, a happy thought crossed my brain; I would have an iron safe at home for my service of plate. This brilliant idea was canvassed after tea with my wife and daughters, and highly approved of, and carried *nem. con.*, to be instantly acted upon; for until the terrible present was in some safe depository, it would banish sleep.

The next morning I started somewhat earlier than usual, so that I might order the wished-for iron safe. Determined to have a good one, I disbursed some few pounds in the purchase of a most responsible-looking article, one that would bid defiance to the most expert thief.

As it was my Saturday half-holiday, I arrived at home very early, congratulating myself on my morning's purchase, and the relief it would prove to me and my anxious family. My pleasing reverie was broken into, as I turned into my street, by the appearance of a mob round my door. I hurried forward, and was soon in the midst of them, where I discovered my iron chest upon its back, waiting the decision of the wrangling carters, as to how it was to be got into the house, and placed into position, as it was of great weight, and more like a closet than a box. During this discussion, I had to bear the chaff of the surrounding mob. One fellow, winking his eye at a chum, and remarking, "that he wondered whether the old cove was going to lock up his old woman or his sovereigns in that iron coffin;" another observing, "that it would take a precious swag of spoons and forks to fill it up." "Vot a plummy lot o' keyholes!" said a big boy to the last speaker. "Oh! they be blowed; a tap of a hammer would open the lot on 'em, or a jemmy with a screw!" replied he.

I actually burst out into a cold perspiration at the cool impudence of the vagabonds, but I held my tongue, as I always had a horror of what is called chaff.

I had at last to consent to receive the assistance of some of this motley crew, as the cartmen must have left it in the street without such aid. After a great deal of swearing, scuffling and noise, the ponderous closet was placed into a recess in the passage, from the utter impossibility of getting it into any of the upper rooms without bringing the house about our ears.

Exhausted and distracted by the noise and bustle, we sat down to our tea, not in the most tranquil of moods, as it struck us all that the necessary public display of the troublesome chest must inform all whom it might or might not con-

cern that I had in some way acquired something that it was necessary to take extra precaution in looking up. Thus off very attempt for security had placed us in a worse position than before, as the provoking iron closet was a complete proclamation to every one entering the house where to find "the service of plate!"

Again the carpenter was had recourse to, that he might continue the wainscoting over the recess, so as to deceive the eyes of the dust-man, coal-man, brewer's-man, gas-meter-man, and others, who must pass through the hall, and be struck at the sight of our ponderous safe. Safe, indeed! the folly and inappropriateness of this word I discovered that very morning, as if my evil genius delighted in tormenting me, for on my desk I found one of the periodicals, left by a careless junior, in which I discovered an article on burglary, illustrated with cuts, which plainly showed that iron-safes or fire-doors, hitherto considered impregnable, could be as easily opened as a simple apple-pudding, by taking out a large circular slice, with what is called a centre-bit, in the same way that we got to the interior of that domestic luxury. Then what was safe from such ingenuity, since iron and Mr. Bramah failed to circumvent these terrible inventions?

I, of course, in my nervousness, was foolish enough to borrow the book, and show it to my wife and daughters, who were thereby brought into a frightful state of nervousness surpassing my own. Then, again, the carpenter was so busy that he sent a strange man to proceed with our job; thus another stranger was let into the secret in the most unlooked-for manner, and we felt in our despair that our throats were not worth a week's purchase. Oh! how often did I think of my school copy, that I had written in a bold round hand in the day of threepence a week pocket money, which never troubled me—"He who gathereth treasure often destroyeth sleep." Oh, how true had my juvenile round-hand proverb proved to me in my middle age, when I possessed a "service of plate!" and I was really depending enough to wish that we could be robbed of it, without any fuss, and return to the simplicity of our original tea-spoons, counted up every night at bedtime and always right.

Our time for going out of town was fast approaching, but I saw no preparation being made for the usual month's absence and enjoyment by the sea-side.

"We can't take the plate out of town with us," said my wife, "and how can we possibly leave it behind us, to the mercy of thieves, who have no doubt read all about it in the newspaper, and only wait for our leaving, to pounce upon it, and perhaps murder old Sarah? I should never forgive myself."

Here was another dilemma, and I am sure I could not see how to get out of it. Then my good girls, to be deprived of the sea breezes, and the roses that they always brought back upon their cheeks to last them all the winter. To lose all this, was certainly paying very dearly for our "service plate." After many counsels, it was at last finally settled that my wife was to go down to Brighton with the three girls, whilst I was to do Saturday, Sunday, and a little bit of Monday with them, and during my absence the gardener was to take care of the two servant-women and the plate.

I hardly like to recount what a wretched bachelor I made; how I wasted the tea, left the sugar-basin at the mercy of the sweet-toothed, forgot the keys, or took them with me to town, as I had been strictly enjoined by my careful wife, but discovered, on my return, that the cupboard was all open and at the full discretion of the servants. My responsibilities were too much for me. I was so positively unaccustomed to any domestic duties, as my dear kind old mother had handed me over to the care of my wife, so that I had had no interregnum of bachelorhood to break me into the looking-up system.

After four weeks of anxiety, and much trouble to myself, we were once more seated at our own tea-table; and I assure you that I fully appreciated the blessings of home, and resigned the keys and management of household affairs with a sigh of relief. At last, my wife took courage—determined that my light should not be hid under a bushel—and placed the salver, in all its glory, on the sideboard, upon which my written character was emblazoned with many intricate flourishes and wonderfully imagined letters. Everybody in the house, however, deciphered it that day, and ever afterward looked upon me as somebody who was somebody.

Dinner-parties were given for the sole purpose of showing the salver. The tea-pot, the coffee-pot, the sugar-basin, milk-ewer, and spoons, had the like honor paid to them, by having tea-parties given especially to bring them out; so that, all things considered, there was some cost attached to the possession of a service of plate.

In the course of time, one young man would bring music for my eldest daughter, another would most perseveringly bring his flute and practice duets with my second daughter; indeed, so persevering were they that my four-handed cribbage was entirely knocked on the head. Through all this strange innovation my wife would sit and smile in, to me, a most unaccountable manner. At last, one of the young men called before office hours, and made a very confused, garbled account of his feelings and his salary, which he wanted to share with my eldest girl. I rushed up-stairs to my wife in a totally wild state to ask her to interfere.

"Why, you blind goose!" exclaimed she, laughing, "what do you suppose he has been here for, almost every night, for the last four months, for you may depend upon it he didn't come here to take away our service of plate? Go down, again, do, and ask him to come to dinner this evening."

I did so. When I returned to dinner, somewhat confused, I found the bashful young gentleman helping my daughter to look over an album, whilst my other

The girls were at a pitch of giggling that I had never observed before.

Before the week was out the flute gentlemen had me in the front parlor with a tale not at all differing from the first gentleman, except in its object, which was my second daughter. The mother took it with the same astounding coolness that she had exhibited on the first occasion.

"Astonishing," said I; "here we have been bringing up these girls for the comfort of our age, and—"

"So they will be," said my wife; "go along, do, and put the young man out of his misery," and I did so.

As both these young men were sons of old friends, I could not be but satisfied, although, I confess, I felt very strange at losing my children in this abrupt manner.

I mused as I went to town, wondering whether I should find another gentleman in the parlor requiring me to part with my third daughter. "No, no, not so bad as that; my little pet is only seventeen or eighteen, I don't exactly remember which. If such a preposterous thing were to occur, I think that I should knock the fellow down."

Before I had balanced my half year's ledgers, I found myself in the midst of mantua-makers, orange-blossoms, and ribbons enough to decorate a Lord Mayor's show, whilst my poor wife was rushing about with a very indistinct idea of what she was about.

It may appear impertinent that I thrust my family affairs before the public, when this short paper is really dedicated "to a service of plate," but I can safely say that all this has to do with the subject, as the first proposer took away my eldest daughter and silver tea-pot; the second, in the most polite manner, took away the coffee-pot and milk-jug with his bride, and a share of the spoons, and it was not long before my third daughter had occasion to take away the sugar-basin, sugar-tongs, and spoons to match. The silver remained with us until my eldest daughter's eldest son could decipher his grandfather's character, so elaborately displayed thereon for the credit and delectation of the rising posterity. Thus our cares and anxieties were over, and the iron-safe sold at a loss; but we did not forget to look after the "service of plate," which we had continual opportunities of doing at my daughters' houses until they gave us something else to do in looking after, and borrowing, sundry rosy-cheeked little boys, and fair-haired girls, with eyes much brighter than our troublesome service of plate, for they are, without exception, the—

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

THE TWENTY-NINTH LECTURE.—MRS. CAUDLE THINKS "THE TIME HAS COME TO HAVE A COTTAGE OUT OF TOWN."

"CAUDLE, you ought to have had something nice to-night; for you're not well, love—I know you're not. Ha! that's like you men—so headstrong! You will have it that nothing ails you; but I can tell, Caudle. The eye of a wife—and such a wife as I've been to you—can at once see whether a husband's well or not. You've been turning like tallow all the week; and, what's more, you eat nothing now. It makes me melancholy to see you at a joint. I don't say anything at dinner before the children; but I don't feel the less. No, no; you're not very well; and you're not as strong as a horse. Don't deceive yourself—nothing of the sort. No, and you don't eat as much as ever; and if you do, you don't eat with a relish, I'm sure of that. You can't deceive me there."

"But I know what's killing you. It's the confinement; it's the bad air you breathe; it's the smoke of London. Oh, yes, I know your old excuse: you never found the air bad before. Perhaps not. But as people grow older, and get on in trade—and, after all, we've nothing to complain of, Caudle—London air always disagrees with 'em. Delicate health comes with money; I'm sure of it. What a color you had once, when you'd hardly a sixpence; and now, look at you!"

"'Twould add thirty years to your life—and think what a blessing that would be to me; not that I shall live a tenth part of the time—thirty years, if you'd take a nice little house somewhere at Brixton. You hate Brixton? I must say it, Caudle, that's so like you; any place that's really genteel, you can't abide. Now Brixton and Balaam Hill I think delightful. So select! There, nobody visits nobody, unless they're somebody. To say nothing of the delightful pews that make the churches so respectable!"

"However, do as you like. If you won't go to Brixton, what do you say to Clapham Common? Oh, that's a very fine story! Never tell me! No; you wouldn't be left alone, a Robinson Crusoe, with wife and children because you're in the retail way. What! The retired wholesaler never visit the retired retailer at Clapham? Ha! that's only your old sneering at the world, Mr. Caudle; but I don't believe it. And after all, people should keep to their station, or what is life made for? Suppose a tallow-merchant does keep himself above a tallow-chandler, I call it only a proper pride. What? You call it the aristocracy of fat? I don't know what you mean by aristocracy; but I suppose it's only another of your dictionary words, that's hardly worth the finding out."

"What do you say to Hornsey or Muswell Hill? Eh? Too high? What a man you are! Well, then—Battersea? Too low? You're an aggravating creature, Caudle, you must own that! Hampstead, then? Too cold? Nonsense; it would brace you up like a drum, Caudle; and that's what you want. But you don't deserve anybody to think of your health or your comforts either. There's some pretty spots, I'm told, about Fulham. Now, Caudle, I won't have you say a word against Fulham. That must be a sweet place: dry and healthy, and every comfort of life about it—else is it likely that a bishop would live there? Now, Caudle, none of your heaven principles—I

won't hear 'em. I think what satisfies a bishop ought to content you; but the politics you learn at that club are dreadful. To hear you talk of bishops—well, I only hope nothing will happen to you, for the sake of the dear children!"

"A nice little house and garden! I know it—I was born for a garden! There's something about it makes one feel so innocent. My heart somehow always opens and shuts at roses. And then what nice currant wine we could make! And again, get 'em as fresh as you will, there's no radishes like your own radishes! They're ten times as sweet! What? And twenty times as dear? Yes; there you go! Anything that I fancy, you always bring up the expense."

"No, Mr. Caudle, I should not be tired of it in a month. I tell you I was made for the country. But here you've kept me—and much you've cared about my health—here you've kept me in this filthy London, that I hardly know what grass is made of. Much you care for your wife and family to keep 'em here to be all smoked like bacon. I can see it—it's stopping the children's growth; they'll be dwarfs, and have their father to thank for it. If you'd the heart of a parent, you couldn't bear to look at their white faces. Dear little Dick! he makes no breakfast. What? He ate six slices this morning? A pretty father you must be to count 'em. But that's nothing to what the dear child could do, if, like other children, he'd a fair chance."

"Ha! and when we could be so comfortable! But it's always the case, you never will be comfortable with me. How nice and fresh you'd come up to business every morning; and what pleasure it would be for me to put a tulip or a pink in your button-hole, just as I may say, to ticket you from the country."

"But, then, Caudle, you never were like any other man! But I know why you won't leave London. Yes, I know. Then, you think, you couldn't go to your filthy club—that's it. Then you'd be obliged to be at home, like any other decent man. Whereas, you might, if you liked, enjoy yourself under your own apple-tree, and I'm sure I should never say anything about your tobacco out of doors. My only wish is to make you happy, Caudle, and you won't let me do it."

"You don't speak, love? Shall I look about a house to-morrow? It will be a broken day with me, for I'm going to have little pet's ears bored—What? You won't have her ears bored? And why not, I should like to know? It's a barbarous, savage custom? Oh, Mr. Caudle! the sooner you go away from the world and live in a cave, the better. You're getting not fit for Christian society. What next? My ears were bored—and what? So are yours? I know what you mean—but that's nothing to do with it. My ears, I say, were bored and so were dear mother's, and grandmother's before her; and I suppose there were no more savages in our family than in yours, Mr. Caudle? Besides, why should little pet's ears go naked any more than any of her sisters? They wear earrings, you never objected before. What? You've learned better now? Yes, that's all with your filthy policies again. You'd shake all the world up in a dice-box, if you'd your way; not that you care a pin about the world, only you'd like to get a better throw for yourself—that's all. But little pet shall be bored, and don't think to prevent it."

"I suppose she's to be married some day, as well as her sisters? And who'll look at a girl without ear-rings, I should like to know? If you knew anything of the world, you'd know what a nice diamond ear-ring will sometimes do—when one can get it—before this. But I know why you can't abide ear-rings now: Miss Pettymann doesn't wear 'em; she would—I've no doubt—if she could only get 'em. Yes, it's Miss Pettymann, who—"

"There, Caudle, now be quiet, and I'll say no more about pet's ears at present. We'll talk when you're reasonable. I don't want to put you out of temper, goodness knows! And so love, about the cottage? What? 'Twill be so far from business? But it needn't be far, dearest. Quite a nice distance; so that, on your late nights, you may always be at home, have your supper, get to bed, and all by eleven. Eh, sweet one?"

"I don't know what I answered," says Caudle, "but I know this: in less than a fortnight I found myself in a sort of green bird-cage of a house, which my wife—gentle satirist—insisted upon calling 'The Turtle-Dovey.'"

HORSE-RACING.—Horse-racing, properly and honestly pursued, is the most expensive of all possible amusements. Taken by itself, apart from betting, no racing stud is in the long run kept up at a lower yearly expense than that of from \$2,000 to \$2,500 for every horse in training. A man who cannot afford such an outlay and yet keeps race-horses, hoping to make money by them, must be either strangely deluded by ignorance of the multitudinous expenses which he is incurring, or he must have made up his mind to meet them by means that are not honest. In plain English, he must have resolved beforehand to be a rogue whenever roguery may promise to be profitable. And for roguery the handicap furnishes the most open field. If it tends to make a bad horse nearly as profitable as a good one, still more certainly does it render a moderate horse in a rogue's hands more profitable than either in the possession of an honest man. It is no exaggeration to say that the whole ingenuity of a large body of race-horse owners is directed year after year to the object of cheating the handicapper by making a moderate horse seem a bad one; either by running him when insufficiently trained, or, though that is more hazardous, causing him to be so badly ridden that his winning shall be impossible, till a succession of defeats has induced the handicapper, for some stake of great value, for which heavy betting-books are made, to put on him a weight so light that his success is insured. Then his owner and his friends (the party, as they are called), who have steadily betted against him in his former races, reverse their tactics, backing him for enormous sums, while as low is the present morality of the turf, that their adroitness is generally praised without a word being uttered against the gross dishonesty which has rendered it successful.

Why is the fact of your having some weighty matter in the hands of a lawyer like traveling in the backwoods? Because you are a long time coming to a settlement.

THERE is a good deal of uphill work on the road through life, and it is often that a man's harness galls him severely in the pull. Sometimes he slips, or a strap gives way, and then it is wonderful with what celerity he descends. He acquires speed as he goes. He passes by his friends, one after another, like as the locomotive passes by the telegraph poles, and the further down hill he gets, the less likely is one of his "friends" to stretch out a hand to help him. It is rarely that anything can stop a man once he begins to go down hill. Did you ever see a donkey-engine that had got loose with all steam up, and was running away "on its own hook" down a steep railway grade? Once I witnessed the sight, and it reminded me of a man "going down hill." Everybody and everything bowled out of its way to let it pass, and when it cut round a curve and vanished out of sight, everybody went about his business as usual, and thought no more of it. Alas! yes, my friends, man is but a donkey-engine after all, and once he makes the

PICTORIAL PROVERBS.



"IT IS EASY TO ROLL DOWN HILL."

The suggestion of this proverb is, that make makes produce, but that the producer does not always know the taste of his own fruit. Not for themselves, as the Latin poet sings, do the bees manufacture their honey. It is not the resident of Havana who often has the best cigars for his private smoking. Strawberries are raised in the country, and cream is also generally supposed to be a product of the rural districts, but we have often looked in vain for these luxuries in abodes of what is called rural bliss, while they were always to be had in the city restaurants during the season. Like an omnivorous dragon, the city is ever agape for the good things of the country, from early radishes and cucumbers, to spring lamb with mint sauce. It is a pleasing reflection, then, for those who are condemned to brick walls during the dog-days, that if the "Chicken is the country's, the city eats it."

This proverb, which appears to turn up seasonably about these Fourth of July times, when fire rules the roost, bears some affinity to the old saw which tells us that "Coming events cast their shadows before." When a man's luck is about to turn, when his good fairy has grown weary of him, left her place, and sent a gnome to look after him instead, there are innumerable little signs and tokens by which that hapless mortal becomes aware that something about him is "going to break." Peradventure he takes to bad whisky, by way of neutralizing his warnings of approaching misfortune. It may be that silver threads begin to streak his hair, that he begins to wear paper shirt-collars, and that his reason totters upon her throne generally. Then will men say of him that there's something brewing for his bad. He "smells of fire" in fact, because "his coat is burning."



"THE SLATERN'S ROBE ALWAYS FINDS A NAIL TO CATCH ON."

first slip backward, he realizes the truth of our proverb, that "It is easy to roll down hill."

At first sight one might suppose that this proverb aimed at the trains with which ladies, until within a short time past, used so obligingly to sweep the dirt off from the sidewalks. It properly applies, however, to persons who, from want of method, are constantly getting tripped up in their work, which, like the Slatern's robe, "always finds a nail to catch on." System, like a "stitch in time," saves a good deal of after trouble. Keep your work tidy and your tongue still, and you may go through life without either catching on nails, or having nails run into the soles of your feet.

Parental severity is evidently the thing at which this proverb points. "Spare the rod and spoil the child," is a saying which people are sometimes apt to take in too literal a sense. Indeed, we are accustomed to hear now, from various quarters, stories of cheerful parents who flog their children to death. Beat a dog brutally and without cause, and the animal is very apt to turn and bite you, on which men will remark, "Served you right." The ingenious, though somewhat excitable gentleman, who spanked his little boy to death with a shingle, not long since, may perhaps say that he does not come within the sim of the proverb, seeing that dead babies tell no tales. Let him not spread that assuaging cocoon upon his reflections though. There is a dog abroad who dogs his every step. The name of that avenging



"A MAN MAY CAUSE HIS OWN DOG TO BITE HIM."



"THE BALANCE DISTINGUISHES NOT BETWEEN GOLD AND LEAD."

animal is Public Opinion, and his business is to insert his teeth in all malefactors who have managed to shirk the clutches of the regular law. You have made your own dog, sir, and you may depend upon it that he is after you with sharp teeth.

Reckless persons might characterize this proverb as being one of a scaly tendency, the balance shown in the picture being neither more nor less than a good, old-fashioned, continent 1 pair of scales. Now, to illustrate our saw, here comes that famous couple of old Rob Burns, which tells us that:

"The rank is but the guinea stamp. The man's the man for a' that."

And so it is that in the picture annexed, a royal person seems to hold a pretty even balance with a rustic person in the scales. Worth is not necessarily the companion of wealth. But the pity is that the scale by which men are to regulate the standard of merit, has not yet become a popular institution, and we see but an indistinct looming on the horizon of "The Balance that distinguishes not between Gold and Lead."



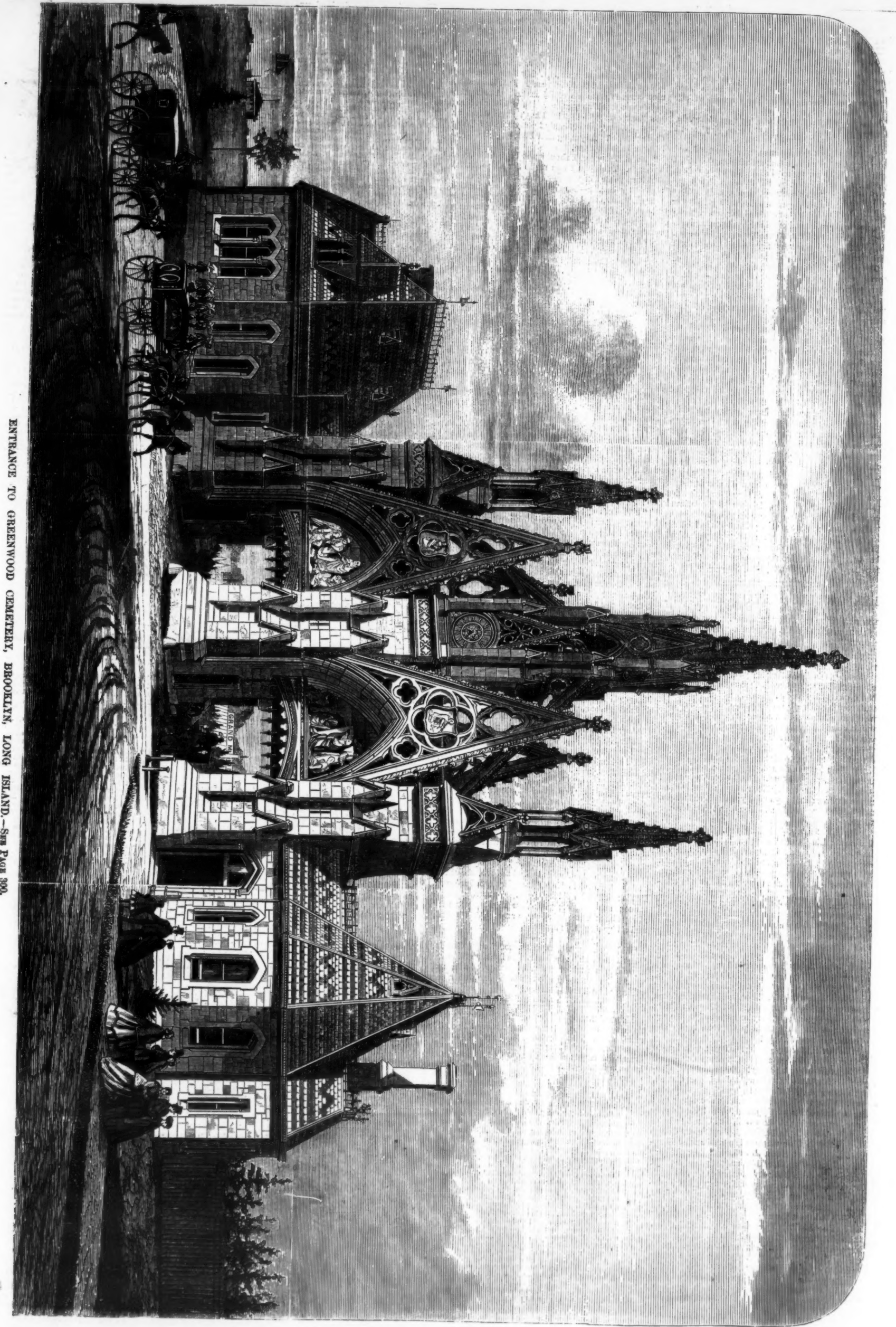
"THE CHICKEN IS THE COUNTRY'S, BUT THE CITY EATS IT."



"WELL MAY HE SMELL OF FIRE WHOSE COAT IS BURNING."

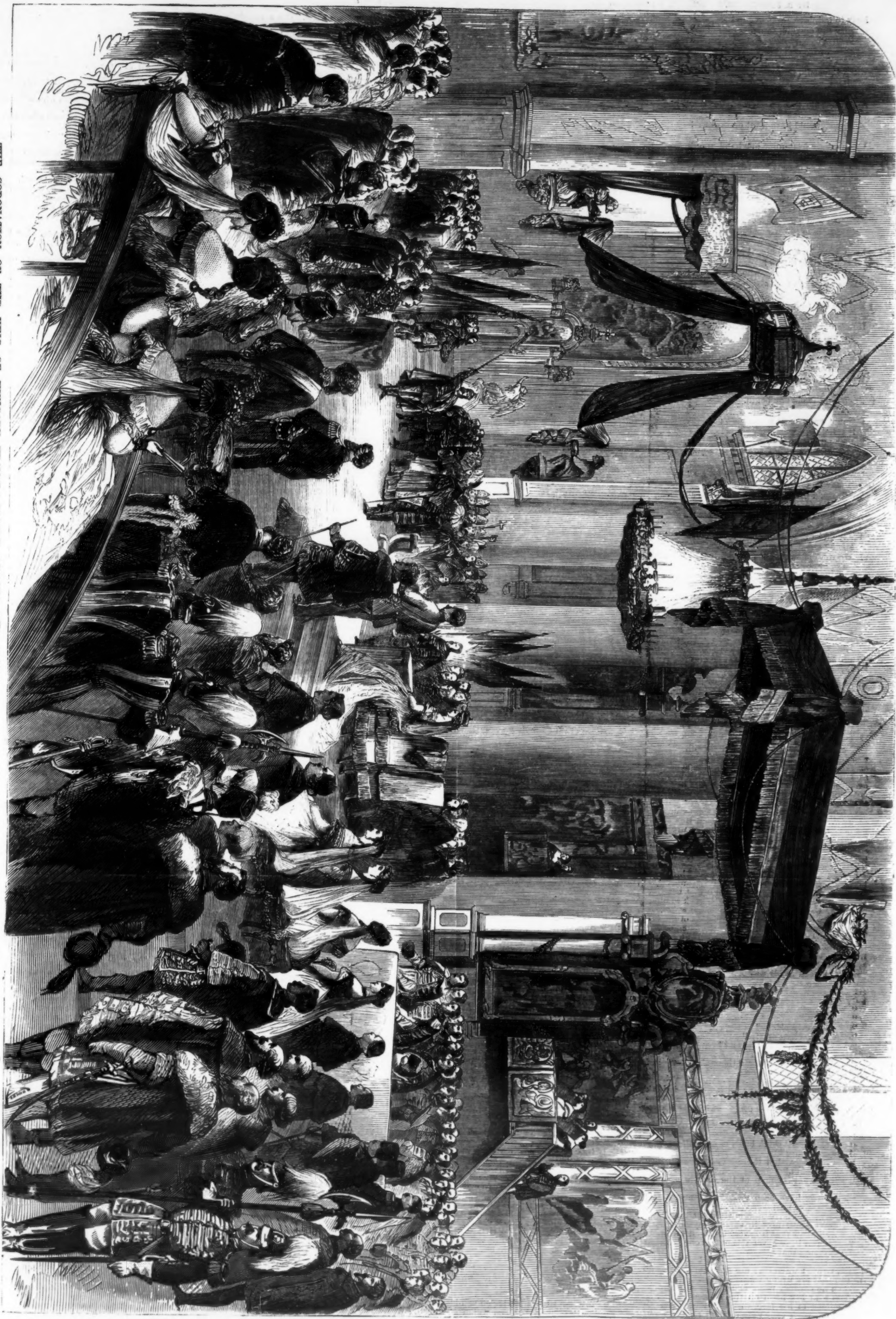
deal with the proffered gift in the only form in which he can offer it. How many are the opportunities of usefulness which these men lose; think they do, write they may, but benefit the mass of ordinary society by their conversation they cannot. How necessary, even for the most learned and highest gifted, is then the possession of this power of Small Talking. But it is not on their account that its cultivation is chiefly important. What matter if they are silent; to the mass of society their conversation in any form would seldom be acceptable. People do not meet round the fireside, or congregate at the dinner-table, or stay in each other's houses to work their brains, or to discuss science. It is for amusement and recreation, that they are there. But it is nevertheless just to these very persons, the more in proportion as their legitimate recreation is over-used as abused, that the exertions of Small Talkers are of the greatest benefit.

WHAT'S IN A NAME? Everything is in an aim, if you wish to shoot straight.



ENTRANCE TO GREENWOOD CEMETERY, BROOKLYN, LONG ISLAND.—SEE PAGE 300.

THE CORONATION OF THE KING OF HUNGARY—FRANCIS JOSEPH LIFTING THE SWORD OF ST. STEPHEN BEFORE THE ALTAR IN THE CHURCH OF BUDA.—SEE PAGE 294.



STEALING AWAY!

BY R. C. SPENCER.

EAST to tell, love, what was to be,
When the deep blush dyed your cheek;
And the eyes that had ever been true to me
Looked with a glance so weak!

When the smile that was bright grew sickly and
faint,
When the voice took a tremulous tone;
And the pale flushed face on the small hand
leant,
That once would have leant on my own!

When gently from mine one hand you drew—
My arm from around your waist—
All was not as once it had been, I knew,
In the days when you loved me best!

Strange intuition that lets men know
When a heart is stealing away—
By a hundred signs of a sad mute show
That a thousand words can say!

I saw when he came how it all would end;
Better to end it now!
You'll think of the man who loved, as a friend,
E'en when you take that now?

You are but young, child—hardly to blame
For choosing as you have chose:
How could you love me after he came!
'Tis but the way love goes.

Women must change, child—men may be false,
Yet have they grace to win—
When you clung to his side last night, in the
waltz,
Then did the change begin.

I cannot woo you as he can woo:
It is better, perchance as it is!
Yet, should you need me, I shall be true,
Though my words are not soft as his.

Give me this promise—the time may come,
It may be further or near,
When you'd give all the world for a true strong
home,
And a heart that would hold you dear!

I may be foolish, but he may lie!
(Think not in anger 'tis said)—
If the days should be long in the years by-and-
by,
And tears with the leaves should be shed—

Trust to me then, love—all may be well—
He will be yours for life!
Yours in the word, love—I cannot tell—
Kiss me, ere you are his wife!

THE LAST CHRONICLE OF BARSET.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XLII.—CONTINUED.

WHEN he reached home, he was very ill. There was no doubt about it then. He staggered to his arm-chair, and stared at his wife first, then smiled at her with a ghastly smile. He trembled all over, and when food was brought to him he could not eat it.

Early on the next morning the doctor was by his bedside, and before that evening came he was delirious. He had been at intervals in this state for nearly two days, when Mrs. Crawley wrote to Grace, and though she had restrained herself from telling everything, she had written with sufficient strength to bring Grace at once to her father's bedside.

He was not so ill when Grace arrived but that he knew her, and he seemed to receive some comfort from her coming. Before she had been in the house an hour she was reading Greek to him, and there was no wandering in his mind as to the due emphasis to be given to the plaints of the injured heroine, or as to the proper meaning of the choruses. And as he lay with his head half buried in the pillows, he shouted out long passages, lines from tragic plays by the score, and for a while seemed to have all the enjoyment of a dear old pleasure placed newly within his reach. But he tired of this after a while, and then, having looked round to see that his wife was not in the room, he began to talk of himself.

"So you have been to Allington, my dear?"
"Yes, papa."
"Is it a pretty place?"
"Yes, papa—very pretty."
"And they were good to you?"
"Yes, papa—very good."

"Had they heard anything there about—me; of this trial that is to come on?"
"Yes, papa; they had heard of it."

"And what did they say? You need not think that you will shock me by telling me. They cannot say worse there than people have said here—or think worse."

"They don't think at all badly of you at Allington, papa."
"But they must think badly of me if the magistrates were right?"
"They suppose that there has been a mistake—as we all think."

"They do not try men at the assizes for mistakes."
"That you have been mistaken, I mean—and the magistrates mistaken."

"Both cannot have been mistaken, Grace."
"I don't know how to explain myself, papa; but we all know that it is very sad, and are quite sure that you have never meant for one moment to do anything that was wrong."

"But people when they are—you know what I mean, Grace; when they are not themselves—do things that are wrong without meaning it."

Then he paused, while she remained standing by him with her hand on the back of his. She was looking at his face, which had been turned toward her while they were reading together, but which now was so far moved that she knew that his eyes could not be fixed upon hers.

"Of course if the bishop orders it, it shall be so," he said. "It is quite enough for me that he is the bishop."

"What has the bishop ordered, papa?"
"Nothing at all. It is she who does it. He has given no opinion about it. Of course not. He has none to give. It is the woman. You go and tell her from me that in such a matter I will not obey the word of any woman living. Go at once, when I tell you."

Then she knew that her father's mind was wandering, and she knelt down by the bedside, still holding his hand.

"Grace," he said.
"Yes, papa, I am here."
"Why do you not do what I tell you?" And he sat upright in his bed. "I suppose you are afraid of the woman?"

"I should be afraid of her, dear papa."
"I was not afraid of her. When she spoke to me, I would have nothing to say to her; not a word—not a word—not a word."

As he said this he waved his hands about.
"But as for him—if it must be, it must. I know I'm not fit for it. Of course I am not. Who is? But what has he ever done that he should be a dean? I beat him at everything; almost everything. He got the Newdegate, and that was about all. Upon my word I think that was all."

"But Dr. Arabin loves you truly, dear papa."
"Love me! pshaw! Does he ever come here to tea, as he used to do? No! I remember buttering toast for him down on my knees before the fire, because he liked it—and keeping all the cream for him. He should have had my heart's blood if he wanted it. But now—look at his books, Grace. It's the outside of them he cares about. They are all gilt, but I doubt if he ever reads. As for her—I will not allow any woman to tell me my duty. No—by my Maker; not even your mother, who is the best of women. And as for her, with her little husband dangling at her apron-strings, as a call-whistle to be blown into when she pleases—that she should dare to teach me my duty! No! The men in the jury-box may decide it how they will. If they can believe a plain story, let them! If not—let them do as they please. I am ready to bear it all."

"Dear papa, you are tired. Will you not try to sleep?"
"Tell Mrs. Prondie what I say; and as for Arabin's money, I took it. I know I took it. What would you have had me do? Shall I—see them—all—starve?" Then he fell back upon his bed and did sleep.

The next day he was better, and insisted upon getting out of bed, and on sitting in his old arm-chair over the fire. And the Greek books were again had out; and Grace, not at all unwillingly, was put through her facings.

"If you don't take care, my dear," he said, "Jane will beat you yet. She understands the force of the verbs better than you do."

"I am very glad that she is doing so well, papa. I am sure I shall not begrudge her her superiority."

"Ah, but you should begrudge it her!"
Jane was sitting by at the time, and the two sisters were holding each other by the hand.

"Always to be best; always to be in advance of others. That should be your motto."
"But we can't both be best, papa," said Jane.

"You can both strive to be best. But Grace has the better voice. I remember when I knew the whole of the Antigone by heart. You girls should see which can learn it first."

"It would take such a long time," said Jane.
"You are young, and what can you do better with your leisure hours? Fie, Jane! I did not expect that from you. When I was learning it I had eight or nine pupils, and read an hour a day with each of them. But I think that nobody works now as they used to work then. Where is your mamma? Tell her I think I could get out as far as Mrs. Cox's, if she would help me dress."

Soon after this he was in bed again, and his head was wandering; but still they knew that he was better than he had been.

"You are more of a comfort to your papa than I can be," said Mrs. Crawley to her eldest daughter that night as they sat together, when everybody else was in bed.

"Do not say that, mamma. Papa does not think so."
"I cannot read Greek plays to him as you can do. I can only nurse him during his illness and endeavor to do my duty. Do you know, Grace, that I am beginning to fear that he half-doubts me?"

"Oh, mamma!"
"That he half-doubts me, and I am half afraid of me. He does not think, as he used to do, that I am altogether, heart and soul, on his side. I can see it in his eye as he watches me. He thinks that I am tired of him—tired of his sufferings, tired of his poverty, tired of the evil which men say of him. I am not sure but what he thinks that I suspect him."

"Of what, mamma?"
"Of general unfitness for the work he has to do. The feeling is not strong as yet, but I fear that he will teach himself to think that he has an enemy at his hearth—not a friend. It will be the saddest mistake he ever made."

"He told me to-day that you were the best of women. Those were his words."

"Were they, my dear? I am glad at least that he should say so to you. He has been better since you came—a great deal better. For one day I was frightened; but I am sorry now that I sent for you."

"I am so glad, mamma—so very glad."
"You were happy there, and comfortable. And if they were glad to have you, why should I have brought you away?"

"But I was not happy, even though they were very good to me. How could I be happy there when I was thinking of you and papa and Jane here at home? Whatever there is here, I would sooner share it with you than be anywhere else, while this trouble lasts."

"My darling! It is a great comfort to see you again."
"Only that I knew that one less in the house would be a saving to you, I should not have gone. When there is unhappiness, people should stay together—shouldn't they, mamma?"

They were sitting quite close to each other, on an old sofa, in a small up-stairs room, from which a door opened into the larger chamber in which Mr. Crawley was lying. It had been arranged between them that on this night Mrs. Crawley should remain with her husband, and that Grace should go to her bed. It was now past one o'clock, but she was still there, clinging to her mother's side, with her mother's arm drawn round her.

"Mamma," she said, when they had been silent for some ten minutes, "I have got something to tell you."

"To-night?"
"Yes, mamma; to-night, if you will let me."
"But you promised that you would go to bed. You were up all last night."

"I am not sleepy, mamma."
"Of course you shall tell me what you please, dearest. Is it a secret? Is it something I am not to repeat?"

"You must say how that ought to be, mamma. I shall not tell it to any one else."

"Well, dear?"
"Sit comfortably, mamma—there—like that; and let me have your hand. It's a terrible story to have to tell."

"A terrible story, Grace?"
"I mean that you must not draw away from me; I shall want to feel that you are quite close to me. Mamma, while I was at Allington, Major Grantry came there."

"Did he, my dear?"
"Yes, mamma."
"Did he know them before?"

"No, mamma; not at the Small House. But he came there—to see me. He asked me—to be his wife. Don't move, mamma."

"My darling child! I won't move, dearest. Well; and what did you say to him? God bless him, at any rate. May God bless him, because he has seen with a true eye, and felt with a noble instinct. It is something, Grace, to have been wooed by such a man at such a time."

"Mamma, it did make me feel proud; it did."
"You had known him well before—of course? I knew that you and he were friends, Grace."

"Yes, we were friends. I always liked him. I used not to know what to think of him. Miss Anne Prettyman told me that it would be so; and once before I thought so myself."

"And had you made up your mind what to say to him?"
"Yes, I had then. But I did not say it."

"Did not say what you had made up your mind to say?"
"That was before all this had happened to papa."

"I understand you, dearest."
"When Miss Prettyman told me I should be ready with my answer, and when I saw that Miss Prettyman herself used to let him come to the house and seemed to wish that I should see him when he came, and when he once was—so very gentle and kind, and when he said that he wanted me to love Edith—Oh, mamma!"

"Yes, darling, I know. Of course you loved him."
"Yes, mamma. And I do love him. How could one not love him?"

"I love him—for loving you."
"But, mamma, one is bound not to do a harm to any one that one loves. So when he came to Allington I told him I could not be his wife."

"Did you, my dear?"
"Yes; I did. Was I not right? Ought I to go to him to bring a disgrace upon all the family, just because he is so good that he asks me? Shall I injure him because he wants to do me a service?"

"If he loves you, Grace, the service he will require will be your love in return."
"That is all very well, mamma—in books; but I do not believe it in reality. Being in love is very nice, and in poetry they make it out to be everything. But I do not think I should make Major Grantry happy if when I became his wife his own father and mother would not see him. I know I should be so wretched, myself, that I could not live."

"But would it be so?"
"Yes—I think it would. And the archdeacon is very rich, and can leave all his money away from Major Grantry if he pleases. Think what I should feel if I were the cause of Edith losing her fortune!"

"But why do you suppose these terrible things?"
"I have a reason for supposing them. This must be a secret. Miss Anne Prettyman wrote to me."

"I wish Miss Anne Prettyman's hand had been in the fire."
"No, mamma; no; she was right. Would not I have wished, do you think, to have learned all the truth about the matter before I answered him? Besides, it made no difference. I could have made no other answer while papa is under such a terrible ban. It is no time for us to think of being in love. We have got to love each other. Isn't it so, mamma?"

The mother did not answer in words, but slipping down on her knees before her child, threw her arms round her girl's body in a close embrace.

"Dear mamma; dearest mamma; this is what I wanted—that you should love me!"
"Love you, my angel!"

"And trust me—and that we should understand each other, and stand close by each other. We can do so much to comfort one another—but we cannot comfort other people."

"He must know that best himself, Grace—but what did he say more to you?"
"I don't think he said anything more."

"He just left you then?"
"He said one thing more."
"And what was that?"

"He said—but he had no right to say it."
"What was it, dear?"

"That he knew I loved him, and that therefore—But, mamma, do not think of that. I will never be his wife—never, in opposition to his family."

"But he did not take your answer?"
"He must take it, mamma. He shall take it. If he can be stubborn, so I can. If he knows how to think of me more than himself, I can think of him and Edith more than of myself. That is not quite all, mamma. Then he wrote to me. There is his letter."

Mrs. Crawley read the letter.
"I suppose you answered it?"
"Yes, I answered it. It was very bad, my letter. I should think after that he will never want to have anything more to say to me. I tried for two days, but I could not write a nice letter."

"But what did you say?"
"I don't in the least remember. It does not in the least signify now, but it was such a bad letter."

"I daresay it was very nice."
"It was terribly stiff, and all about a gentleman."
"All about a gentleman! What do you mean, my dear?"

"Gentleman is such a frightful word to have to use to a gentleman; but I did not know what else to say. Mamma, if you please, we won't talk about it—not about the letter I mean. As for him, I'll talk about him for ever if you like it. I don't mean to be a bit broken-hearted."

"It seems to me that he is a gentleman."
"Yes, mamma, that he is; and it is that which makes me so proud. When I think of it, I can hardly hold myself. But now I've told you everything, and I'll go away, and go to bed."

CHAPTER XLIII.—MR. TOOGOOD TRAVELS PROFESSIONALLY.

Mr. Toogood paid another visit to Barchester, in order that he might get a little further information which he thought would be necessary before dispatching his nephew upon the traces of

Dean Arabin and his wife. He went down to Barchester after his work was over, by an evening train, and put himself up at The Dragon of Wantly, intending to have the whole of the next day for his work. Mr. Walker had asked him to come and take a return pot-luck dinner with Mrs. Walker at Silverbridge, and this he had said he would do. After having "rummaged about" in Barchester, as he called it, he would take the train for Silverbridge, and would get back to town in time for business on the third day.

"One day won't be much, you know," he said to his partner, as he made half an apology for absenting himself on business which was not to be in any degree remunerative.

"That sort of thing is very well when one does it without any expense," said Crump.
"So it is," said Toogood; "and the expense won't make it any worse."

He had made up his mind, and it was not probable that anything Mr. Crump might say would deter him.

He saw John Eames before he started.
"You'll be ready this day week, will you?"
John Eames promised that he would.

"It will cost you some forty pounds, I should say. By George, if you have to go on to Jerusalem it will cost you more."

In answer to this, Johnny pleaded that it would be as good as any other tour to him. He would see the world.

"I'll tell you what," said Toogood; "I'll pay half. Only you mustn't tell Crump. And it will be quite as well not to tell Maria."

But Johnny would hear nothing of this scheme. He would pay the entire cost of his own journey. He had lots of money, he said, and would like nothing better.

"Then I'll run down," said Toogood, "and rummage up what tidings I can. As for writing to the dean, what's the good of writing to a man when you don't know where he is? Business letters always lie at hotels for two months, and then come back with double postage. From all I can hear, you'll stumble on her before you find him. If we do nothing else but bring him back, it will be a great thing to have the support of such a friend in the court. A Barchester jury won't like to find a man guilty who is hand and glove with the dean."

Mr. Toogood reached the Dragon about eleven o'clock, and allowed the boots to give him a pair of slippers and a candlestick. But he would not go to bed just at that moment. He would go into the coffee-room first, and have a glass of hot brandy and water. So the hot brandy and water was brought to him, and a cigar, and as he smoked and drank, he conversed with the waiter. The man was a waiter of the ancient class, a gray-haired waiter, with seedy clothes, and a dirty towel under his arm; not a dapper waiter, with black shiny hair, and dressed like a guest for a dinner-party. There are two distinct classes of waiters, and as far as I have been able to perceive, the special status of the waiter in question cannot be decided by observation of the class of waiter to which he belongs. In such a town as Barchester, you may find the old waiter with the dirty towel in the head inn, or in the second-class inn, and so you may the dapper waiter. Or you may find both in each, and not know which is senior waiter and which junior waiter. But for service I always prefer the old waiter with the dirty towel, and I find it more easy to satisfy him in the matter of sixpences when my relations with the inn come to an end.

"Have you been here long, John?" said Mr. Toogood.

"A goodish many years, sir."

"So I thought, by the look of you. One can see that you belong in a way to the place. You do a good deal of business here, I suppose, at this time of the year?"

"Well, sir, pretty fair. The house ain't what it used to be, sir."

"Times are bad at Barchester, are they?"
"I don't know much about the times. It's the people is worse than the times, I think. They used to like to have a little bit of dinner now and again at a hotel, and a drop of something to drink after it."

"And don't they like it now?"
"I think they like it well enough, but they don't do it. I suppose it's their wives as don't let 'em come out and enjoy themselves. There used to be the Goose and Glee Club—that was once a month; they've gone and clean done away with themselves, that club has. There's old Bumper, in the High street, he's the last of the old Geese. They died off, you see; and when Mr. Biddle died they wouldn't choose another president. A club for having dinner, sir, ain't nothing without a president."

"I suppose not."
"And there's the Free Masons. They must meet, you know, sir, in course, because of the dooties. But, if you'll believe me, sir, they don't so much as wet their whistles. They don't, indeed. It always used to be a supper, and that was once a month. Now they pay a rent for the use of the room! Who is to get a living out of that, sir?—not in the way of a waiter, that is."

"If that's the way things are going on, I suppose the servants leave their places pretty often?"
"I don't know about that, sir. A man may do a deal worse than The Dragon of Wantly. Them as goes away to better themselves, often worsens themselves, as I call it. I've seen a good deal of that."

"And you stick to the old shop?"
"Yes, sir; I've been here fifteen year, I think it is. There's a many goes away as doesn't go out of their own heads, you know, sir."

"They get the sack, you mean?"
"There's words between them and master—or, more likely, missus. That's where it is. Servants is so foolish. I often tell 'em how wrong folks are to say that soft words butter no parsnips, and hard words break no bones."

"I think you've lost some of the old hands since this time last year, John?"
"You knows the house, then, sir?"

"Well—I've been here before."
"There was four of them went—I think it's just about twelve months back, sir."

"There was a man in the yard I used to know, and last time I was down here I found that he was gone."

"There was one of 'em out of the yard and two out of the house. Master and them had got to very high words. There was poor Scuttle, who had been post-boy at The Compasses before he came here."

"He went to New Zealand, didn't he?"
"Bieve he did, sir, or to some foreign parts; and Anne, as was under-chambermaid here, she went with him, fool as she was. They got themselves married and went off, and he was well-nigh as old as me. But seems he'd saved a little money, and that goes a long way with any girl."

"Was he the man who drove Mr. Soames that day the check was lost?"

Mr. Toogood asked this question perhaps a little

too abruptly. At any rate, he obtained no answer to it. The waiter said he knew nothing about Mr. Soames or the check, and the lawyer, suspecting that the waiter was suspecting him, finished his brandy-and-water and went to bed.

Early on the following morning he observed that he was specially regarded by a shabby-looking man, dressed in black, but in a black suit that was very old, with a red nose, whom he had seen in the hotel on the preceding day, and he learned that this man was a cousin of the landlord, one Dan Stringer, who acted as clerk in the hotel bar. He took an opportunity of saying a word to Mr. Stringer, the landlord, whom he found to be a somewhat forlorn and gouty individual, seated on cushions, in a little parlour behind the bar.

After breakfast he went out, and having twice walked round the Cathedral Close, and inspected the front of the palace, and looked up at the windows of the prebendaries' houses, he knocked at the door of the deanery. The dean and Mrs. Arabin were on the Continent, he was told. Then he asked for Mr. Harding, having learned that Mr. Harding was Mrs. Arabin's father, and that he lived at the deanery. Mr. Harding was at home, but was not very well, the servant said. Mr. Toogood, however, persevered, sending up his card, and saying that he wished to have a few minutes' conversation with Mr. Harding on very particular business. He wrote a word upon his card, before giving it to the servant, "About Mr. Crawley."

In a few minutes he was shown into the library, and had hardly time, while looking at the shelves, to remember what Mr. Crawley had said of his anger at the beautiful bindings, before an old man, very thin and very pale, shuffled into the room. He stooped a good deal, and his black clothes were very loose about his shrunken limbs. He was not decrepit, nor did he seem to be one who had advanced to extreme old age, but yet he shuffled rather than walked, hardly raising his feet from the ground. Mr. Toogood, as he came forward, thought that he had never seen a sweeter face. There was very much of melancholy in it, of that soft sadness of age, which seems to acknowledge, and in some sort to regret, the waning of life; but the regret to be read in such faces has in it nothing of the bitterness of grief, there is no repining that the end has come, but simply a touch of sorrow that so much that is dear must be left behind.

Mr. Harding shook hands with his visitor, and invited him to sit down, and then seated himself, folding his hands together over his knees, and he said a few words in a very low voice as to the absence of his daughter and of the dean.

"I hope you will excuse my troubling you," said Mr. Toogood.

"It is no trouble at all—if I could be of any use. I don't know whether it is proper, but may I ask whether you call as—as a friend of Mr. Crawley's?"

"Altogether as a friend, Mr. Harding." "I'm glad of that; though of course I am well aware that the gentlemen engaged on the prosecution must do their duty. Still—I don't know—somehow I would rather not hear of them speak of this poor gentleman before the trial."

"You know Mr. Crawley, then?"

"Very slightly—very slightly indeed. He is a gentleman not much given to social habits, and has been but seldom here. But he is an old friend whom my son-in-law loves dearly."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Mr. Harding. Perhaps before I go any further I ought to tell you that Mrs. Crawley and I are first-cousins."

"Oh, indeed. Then you are a friend."

"I never saw him in my life till a few days ago. He is very queer, you know—very queer, indeed. I'm a lawyer, Mr. Harding, practicing in London—an attorney, that is."

At each separate announcement Mr. Harding bowed, and when Mr. Toogood named his special branch of his profession, Mr. Harding bowed lower than before, as though desirous of showing that he had great respect for attorneys.

"And of course I'm anxious, if only out of respect for the family, that my wife's cousin should pull through this little difficulty, if possible."

"And for the sake of the poor man himself, too, and for his wife, and his children—and for the sake of the cloth."

"Exactly; taking it all together it's such a pity, you know. I think, Mr. Harding, he can hardly have intended to steal the money."

"I'm sure he did not."

"It's very hard to be sure of anybody, Mr. Harding—very hard."

"I feel quite sure that he did not. He has been a most pious, hard-working clergyman. I cannot bring myself to think that he is guilty. What does the Latin proverb say? 'No one of a sudden becomes most base.'"

"But the temptation, Mr. Harding, was very strong. He was awfully badgered about his debts. That butcher in Silverbridge was playing the mischief with him."

"All the butchers in Barsetshire could not make an honest man steal money, and I think that Mr. Crawley is an honest man. You'll excuse me for being a little hot about one of my own order."

"Why, he's my cousin—or rather, my wife's. But the fact is, Mr. Harding, we must get hold of the dean as soon as possible; and I'm going to send a gentleman after him."

"To send a gentleman after him?" said Mr. Harding, almost in dismay.

"Yes; I think that will be best."

"I'm afraid he'll have to go a long way, Mr. Toogood."

"The dean, I'm told, is in Jerusalem."

"I'm afraid he is—or on his journey there. He's to be there for the Easter week, and Sunday week will be Easter Sunday. But why should the gentleman want to go to Jerusalem after the dean?"

Then Mr. Toogood explained as well as he was able that the dean might have something to say on the subject which would serve Mr. Crawley's defense.

"We shouldn't leave any stone unturned," said Mr. Toogood. "As far as I can judge, Crawley still thinks—or half thinks—that he got the check from your son-in-law."

Mr. Harding shook his head sorrowfully.

"I'm not saying he did, you know," continued Mr. Toogood. "I can't see myself how it is possible—but still, we ought not to leave any stone unturned. And Mrs. Arabin—can you tell me at all where we shall find her?"

"Has she anything to do with it, Mr. Toogood?"

"I can't quite say that she has, but it's just possible. As I said before, Mr. Harding, we mustn't leave a stone unturned. They're not expected here till the end of April."

"About the 25th or 26th, I think."

"And the assizes are the 28th. The judges come into the city on that day. It will be too late to wait till then. We must have our defense ready you know. Can you say where my friend will find Mrs. Arabin?"

Mr. Harding began nursing his knee, patting it

and being very tender to it, as he sat meditating with his head one side—meditating not so much as to the nature of his answer as to that of the question. Could it be necessary that any emissary from a lawyer's office should be sent after his daughter? He did not like the idea of his Eleanor being disturbed by questions as to a theft. Though she had been twice married and had a son who was now nearly a man, still she was his Eleanor. But if it was necessary on Mr. Crawley's behalf, of course it must be done.

"Her last address was at Paris, sir; but I think she has gone on to Florence. She has friends there, and she purposes to meet the dean at Venice on his return."

Then Mr. Harding turned the table and wrote on a card his daughter's address.

"I suppose Mrs. Arabin must have heard of the affair?" said Mr. Toogood.

"She had not done so when she last wrote. I mentioned it to her the other day, before I knew that she had left Paris. If my letters and her sister's letters have been sent on to her, she must know it now."

Then Mr. Toogood got up to take his leave.

"You will excuse me for troubling you, I hope, Mr. Harding."

"Oh, sir, pray do not mention that. It is no trouble, if one could only be of any service."

"One can always try to be of service. In these affairs so much is to be done by rummaging about, as I always call it. There have been many theatrical managers, you know, Mr. Harding, who have usually made up their pieces according to the dresses they have happened to have in their wardrobes."

"Have there, indeed, now? I never should have thought of that."

"And we lawyers have to do the same thing."

"Not with your clothes, Mr. Toogood?"

"Not exactly with our clothes; but with our information."

"I do not quite understand you, Mr. Toogood."

"In preparing a defense we have to rummage about and get up what we can. If we can't find anything that suits us exactly, we are obliged to use what we do find as well as we can. I remember, when I was a young man, a hostler was to be tried for stealing some oats in the Borough; and he did steal them, too, and sold them at a rag-shop regularly. The evidence against him was as plain as a pike-staff. All I could find out was that on a certain day a horse had trod on the fellow's foot. So we put it to the jury whether the man could walk as far as the rag-shop with a bag of oats when he was dead lame—and we got him off."

"Did you, though?" said Mr. Harding.

"Yes, we did."

"And he was guilty?"

"He had been at it regularly for months."

"Dear, dear, dear! Wouldn't it have been better to have had him punished for the fault—gently; so as to warn him of the consequences of such doings?"

"Our business was to get him off—and we got him off. It's my business to get my cousin's husband off, if I can, and we must do it, by hook or crook. It's a very difficult piece of work, because he won't let us employ a barrister. However, I shall have one in the court and say nothing to him about it at all. Good-by, Mr. Harding. As you say, it would be a thousand pities that a clergyman should be convicted of a theft; and one so well connected, too."

Mr. Harding, when he was left alone, began to turn the matter over in his mind and to reflect whether the thousand pities of which Mr. Toogood had spoken appertained to the conviction of the criminal, or the doing of the crime. "If he did steal the money I suppose he ought to be punished, let him be ever so much a clergyman," said Mr. Harding to himself. But yet—how terrible it would be! Of clergymen convicted of fraud in London he had often heard; but nothing of the kind had ever disgraced the diocese to which he belonged since he had known it. He could not teach himself to hope that Mr. Crawley should be acquitted if Mr. Crawley were guilty; but he could teach himself to believe that Mr. Crawley was innocent. Something of a doubt had crept across his mind as he talked to the lawyer. Mr. Toogood, though Mrs. Crawley was his cousin, seemed to believe that the money had been stolen; and Mr. Toogood as a lawyer ought to understand such matters better than an old secluded clergyman in Barsetshire. But, nevertheless, Mr. Toogood might be wrong; and Mr. Harding succeeded in satisfying himself at last that he could not be doing harm in thinking that Mr. Toogood was wrong. When he had made up his mind on this matter he sat down and wrote the following letter, which he addressed to his daughter at the post-office in Florence:

"DEAREST NELLY,—March —, 186—

"DEAREST NELLY.—When I wrote on Tuesday I told you about poor Mr. Crawley, that he was the clergyman in Barsetshire of whose misfortune you read an account in *Galignani's Messenger*—and I think Susan must have written about it also, because everybody here is talking of nothing else, and because, of course, we know how strong a regard the dean has for Mr. Crawley. But since that something has occurred which makes me write to you again—at once. A gentleman has just been here, and has indeed only this moment left me, who tells me that he is an attorney in London, and that he is nearly related to Mrs. Crawley. He seems to be a very good-natured man, and I daresay he understands his business as a lawyer. His name is Toogood, and he has come down, as he says, to get evidence to help the poor gentleman on his trial. I cannot understand how this should be necessary, because it seems to me that the evidence should all be wanted on the other side. I cannot for a moment suppose that a clergyman and a gentleman, such as Mr. Crawley, should have stolen money, and if he is innocent, I cannot understand why all this trouble should be necessary to prevent a jury finding him guilty."

"Mr. Toogood came here because he wanted to see the dean, and you also. He did not explain, as far as I can remember, why he wanted to see you; but he said it would be necessary, and that he was going to send off a messenger to find you first, and the dean afterward. It has something to do with the money which was given to Mr. Crawley last year, and which, if I remember right, was your present. But of course Mr. Toogood could not have known anything about that. However, I gave him the address—*poste restante*, Florence—and I daresay that somebody will make you out before long, if you are still stopping at Florence. I did not like letting him go without telling you about it, as I thought that a lawyer's coming to you would startle you."

"The bairns are quite well, as I told you in my other letter, and Miss Jones says that little Elly is as good as gold. They are with me every morning and evening, and behave like darling angels, as they are. Fosy is my own little jewel always."

You may be quite sure I do nothing to spoil them.

"God bless you, dearest Nelly,
Your most affectionate father,
SEPTIMUS HARDING."

After this he wrote another letter to his other daughter, Mrs. Grantly, telling her also of Mr. Toogood's visit; and then he spent the remainder of the day thinking over the gravity of the occurrence. How terrible would it be if a benighted clergyman in the diocese should really be found guilty of theft by a jury from the city! And then he had always heard so high a character of this man from his son-in-law. No; it was impossible to believe that Mr. Crawley had in truth stolen a check for twenty pounds!

Mr. Toogood could get no other information in Barsetshire, and went on to Silverbridge early in the afternoon. He was half disposed to go by Hoggstock and look up his cousin, whom he had never seen, and his cousin's husband, upon whose business he was now intent; but on reflection he feared that he might do more harm than good. He had quite appreciated the fact that Mr. Crawley was not like other men. "The man's not above half-saved," he had said to his wife, meaning thereby to insinuate that the poor clergyman was not in full possession of his wits. And to tell the truth of Mr. Toogood, he was a little afraid of his relative. There was something in Mr. Crawley's manner, in spite of his declared poverty, and in spite also of his extreme humility, which seemed to announce that he expected to be obeyed when he spoke on any point with authority. Mr. Toogood had not forgotten the tone in which Mr. Crawley had said to him, "Sir, this thing you cannot do." And he thought that, upon the whole, he had better not go to Hoggstock on this occasion.

When at Silverbridge, he began at once to "rummage about." His chief rummaging was to be done at Mr. Walker's table; but before dinner he had time to call upon the magistrate's clerk, and ask a few questions as to the proceedings at the sitting from which Mr. Crawley was committed. He found a very taciturn old man, who was nearly as difficult to deal with in any rummaging process as a porcupine. But nevertheless, at last he reached a state of conversation which was not absolutely hostile. Mr. Toogood pleaded that he was the poor man's cousin—pleaded that, as the family lawyer, he was naturally the poor man's protector at such a time as the present—pleaded also that as the poor man was so very poor, no one else could come forward on his behalf, and in this way somewhat softened the hard sharpness of the old porcupine's quills. But after all this, there was very little to be learned from the old porcupine.

"There was not a magistrate on the bench," he said, "who had any doubt that the evidence was sufficient to justify them in sending the case to the assizes. They had all regretted," the porcupine said in his softest moment, "that the gentleman had come there without a legal adviser."

"Ah, that's been the mischief of it all!" said Mr. Toogood, dashing his hand against the porcupine's mahogany table.

"But the facts were so strong, Mr. Toogood."

"Nobody there to soften 'em down, you know," said Mr. Toogood, shaking his head.

Very little more than this was learned from the porcupine; and then Mr. Toogood went away and prepared for Mr. Walker's dinner.

Mr. Walker had invited Dr. Tempest and Miss Anne Prettyman and Major Grantly to meet Mr. Toogood, and had explained, in a manner intended to be half earnest and half jocular, that, though Mr. Toogood was an attorney, like himself, and was at this moment engaged in a noble way on behalf of his cousin's husband, without any idea of receiving back even the money which he would be out of pocket, still he wasn't quite—not quite, you know—"not quite so much of a gentleman as I am," Mr. Walker would have said, had he spoken out freely that which he insinuated. But he contented himself with the emphasis he put upon the "not quite," which expressed his meaning fully. And Mr. Walker was correct in his opinion of Mr. Toogood. As regards the two attorneys, I will not venture to say that either of them was not a "perfect gentleman." A perfect gentleman is a thing which I cannot define. But undoubtedly Mr. Walker was a bigger man in his way than was Mr. Toogood in his, and did habitually consort in the county of Barsetshire with men of higher standing than those with whom Mr. Toogood associated in London.

It seemed to be understood that Mr. Crawley was to be the general subject of conversation, and no one attempted to talk about anything else. Indeed, at this time, very little else was talked about in that part of the county, not only because of the interest naturally attaching to the question of the suspected guilt of a parish clergyman, but because much had become lately known of Mr. Crawley's character, and because it was known also that an internecine feud had arisen between him and the bishop. It had undoubtedly become the general opinion that Mr. Crawley had picked up and used a check which was not his own—that he had, in fact, stolen it; but there was, in spite of that belief, a general wish that he might be acquitted and left in his living. And when the tidings of Mr. Crawley's victory over the bishop, at the palace, became bruited about, popular sympathy went with the victor. The theft was, as it were, condoned, and people made excuses which were not always rational, but which were founded on the instincts of true humanity. And now the tidings of another stage in the battle, as fought against Mr. Crawley by the bishop, had gone forth throughout the county, and men had heard that the rural dean was to be instructed to make inquiries, which should be preliminary to proceedings against Mr. Crawley in an ecclesiastical court. Dr. Tempest, who was now about to meet Mr. Toogood at Mr. Walker's, was the rural dean to whom Mr. Crawley would have to submit himself in any such inquiry; but Dr. Tempest had not as yet received from the bishop any official order on the subject.

"We are so delighted to think that you have taken up your cousin's case," said Mrs. Walker to Mr. Toogood, almost in a whisper.

"He is not just my cousin, himself," said Mr. Toogood, "but of course it's all the same thing. And as to taking up his case, you see, my dear madam, he won't let me take it up."

"I thought you had. I thought you were down here about it?"

"Only on the sly, Mrs. Walker. He has such queer ideas that he will not allow a lawyer to be properly employed; and you can't conceive how hard that makes it. Do you know him, Mrs. Walker?"

"We know his daughter Grace."

And then Mrs. Walker whispered something further, which we may presume to have been an intimation that the gentleman opposite, Major Grantly, was supposed by some people to be very fond of Miss Grace Crawley.

"Quite a child, isn't she?" said Toogood, whose

own daughter, now about to be married, was three or four years older than Grace.

"She's beyond a child, I think. Of course she is young."

"But I suppose this affair will knock all that on the head," said the lawyer.

"I do not know how that may be; but they do say he is very much attached to her. The major is a man of family, and of course it would be very disagreeable if Mr. Crawley were found guilty."

"Very disagreeable, indeed; but, upon my word, Mrs. Walker, I don't know what to say about it."

"You think it will go against him, Mr. Toogood?"

Mr. Toogood shook his head, and on seeing this Mrs. Walker sighed deeply.

"I can only say that I have heard nothing from the bishop as yet," said Dr. Tempest, after the ladies had left the room. "Of course, if he thinks well to order it, the inquiry must be made."

"But how long would it take?" asked Mr. Walker.

"Three months, I should think—or perhaps more. Of course Crawley would do all that he could to delay us, and I am not at all sure that we should be in any great hurry ourselves."

"Who are the 'we,' doctor?" said Mr. Walker.

"I cannot make such an inquiry by myself, you know. I suppose the bishop would ask me to select two or four clergymen to act with me. That's the usual way of doing it. But you may be quite sure of this, Walker: the assizes will be over and the jury have found their verdict long before we shall have settled our preliminaries."

"And what will be the good of going on after that?"

"Only this good: if the unfortunate man be convicted—"

"Which he won't," said Mr. Toogood, who thought it expedient to put on a bolder front in talking of the matter to the rural dean than he had assumed in his whispered communication with Mrs. Walker.

"I hope not, with all my heart," said the doctor. "But, perhaps, for the sake of the argument, the supposition may be allowed to pass."

"Certainly, sir," said Mr. Toogood. "For the sake of the argument, it may pass."

"If he be convicted, then, I suppose, there will be an end of the question. He would be sentenced for not less than twelve months; and after that—"

"And would be as good a parson of Hoggstock when he came out of prison as when he went in," said Mr. Walker. "The conviction and judgment in a civil court would not touch his temporality."

"Certainly not," said Mr. Toogood.

"Of course not," said the doctor. "We all know that; and in the event of Mr. Crawley coming back to his parish it would be open to the bishop to raise the question as to his fitness for the duties."

"Why shouldn't he be as fit as any one else?" said Mr. Toogood.

"Simply because he would have been found to be a thief," said the doctor. "You must excuse me, Mr. Toogood, but it's only for the sake of the argument."

"I don't see what that has to do with it," said Mr. Toogood. "He would have undergone his penalty."

"It is preferable that a man who preaches from a pulpit should not have undergone such a penalty," said the doctor. "But in practice, under such circumstances—which we none of us anticipate, Mr. Toogood—the living should no doubt be vacated. Mr. Crawley would probably hardly wish to come back. The jury will do their work before we can do ours—will do it on a much better base than any we can have; and, when they have done it, the thing ought to be finished. If the jury acquit him, the bishop cannot proceed any further. If he be found guilty I think that resignation of the living must follow."

"It is all spite, then, on the bishop's part?" said the major.

"Not at all," said the doctor. "The poor man is weak; that is all. He is driven to persecute because he cannot escape persecution himself. But it may really be a question whether his present proceeding is not right. If I were a bishop I should wait till the trial was over; that is all."

From this and from much more that was said during the evening on the same subject Mr. Toogood gradually learned the position which Mr. Crawley and the question of Mr. Crawley's guilt really held in the county, and he returned to town resolved to go on with the case.

"I'll have a barrister down express, and I'll defend him in his own teeth," he said to his wife. "There'll be a scene in the court, I dare say, and the man will call upon his own counsel to hold his tongue and shut up his brief; and, as far as I can see, counsel in such case would have no alternative. But there would come an explanation—how Crawley was too honorable to employ a man whom he could not pay, and there would be a romance, and it would all go down with the jury. One wants sympathy in such a case as that—not evidence."

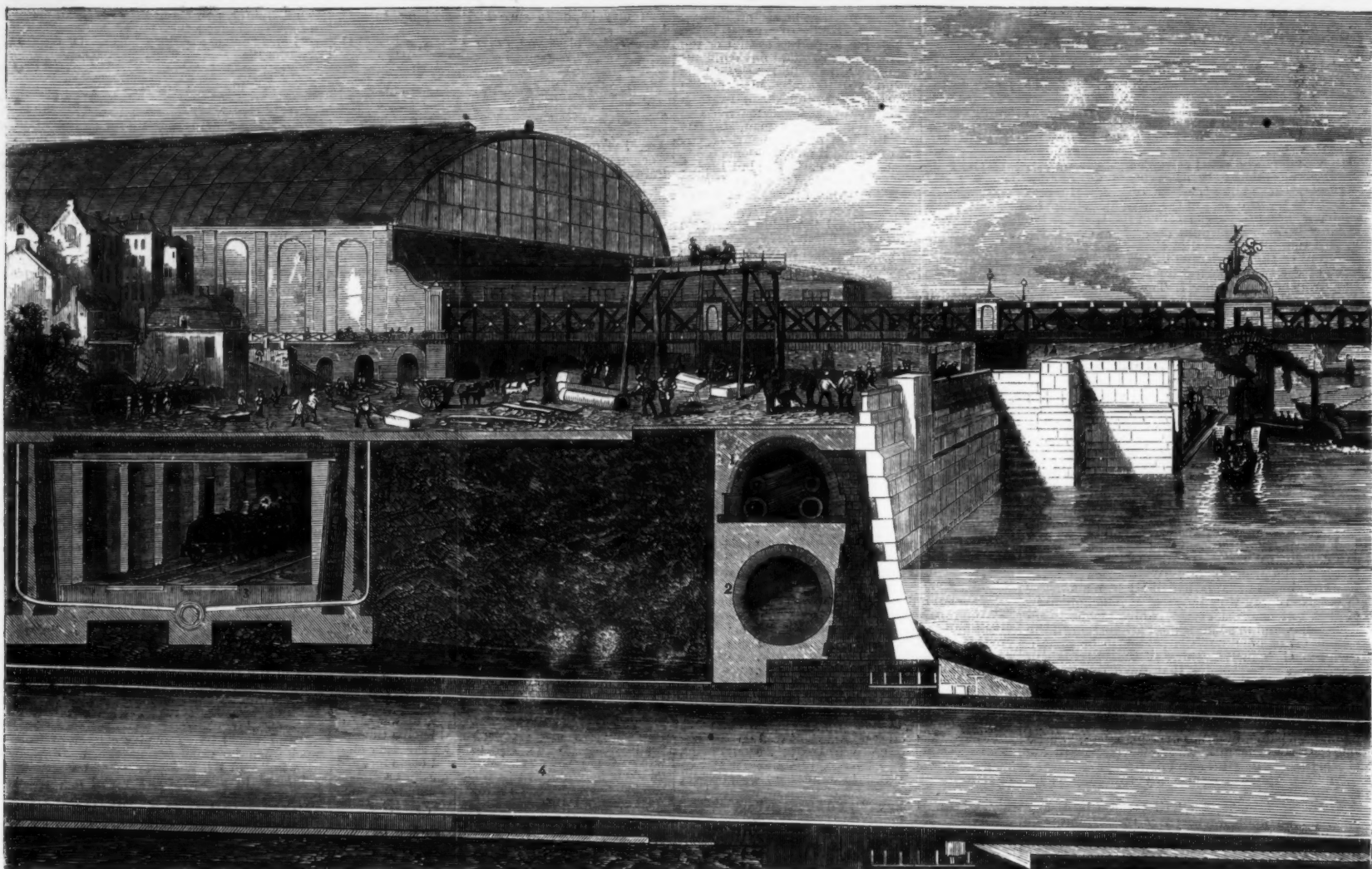
"And how much will it cost, Tom?" said Maria, dolefully.

"Only a trifle. We won't think of that yet. There's John Eames is going all the way to Jerusalem, out of his pocket."

"But Johnny hasn't got twelve children, Tom."

"One doesn't have a cousin in trouble every day," said Toogood. "And then you see there's something very pretty in the case. It's quite a pleasure getting it up."

PISCICULTURE.—The art of Pisciculture is now coming into prominent notice, because of the universally increasing scarcity of all kinds of fish. Every Patriarch is now aware, when he orders his bit of salmon, that he has to pay, in comparison with old times, something like two prices for it; and that very frequently, when he wants a pair of soles, or a prime codfish, they are not to be had. Indeed, as any person can calculate, salmon once so cheap, now averages three times the price of beef or mutton. Fish being so marvelously prolific, yielding their eggs in hundreds of thousands every year, should not the supply be, so to speak, inexhaustible? But the fearful and constant destruction of fish-spawn, and the mortality among the young fish, deprive us of the advantages which might accrue from the prodigious fecundity of these sea-animals. Persons who have made it their business to inquire into the condition of the fisheries are well aware that the sea is, from over-fishing and these other causes at which we have hinted, rapidly becoming bankrupt of fish, and that in a few years the stock may be nearly totally exhausted, so that the sooner we induce the system of artificial breeding, the better it will be for the fish-wealth of the country. In France, before the advent of Remy and Pisciculture, the fisheries were in a state of exhaustion, and the whole fish rental of that country was not equal to that of the river Tay, in Scotland. Now the case is totally changed, and the yield of fish is positively enormous. What France has done others can do, and the sooner they set about it the better.



SECTION OF THE THAMES EMBANKMENT, SHOWING (1) THE SUBWAY, (2) THE LOW LEVEL SEWER, (3) THE METROPOLITAN RAILWAY, AND (4) THE PNEUMATIC RAILWAY.

Section of the Thames Embankment.

THIS illustration of a transverse section of the Thames Embankment, taken just above the Charing-Cross Railway Bridge, shows the internal arrangement of this most useful as well as ornamental structure, which is now approaching completion along that part of the Thames river-side. The outer part, which is built of solid masonry, consisting of brick-work faced with stone, contains the low-level main sewer of the metropolitan drainage, and the subway running above the sewer, designed to hold the gas-pipes, the water-pipes, perhaps the telegraph wires, and other underground apparatus of a great city, so that these may be got at for the purpose of repairs, alterations, or any other purpose, without breaking up the public road or terrace above. A few large iron pipes, such as are laid for the main lines of water-supply, are seen lying in the subway in our illustration. The low-level sewer is cylindrical in form, having a diameter of seven feet nine inches in this part of its course, but widening to eight feet three inches lower down, with a fall of two feet in the mile. The subway has a flat floor, which is four feet above the crown of the sewer archway, and will be five feet or six feet below the high-water level of the river, but considerably above low-water mark. The space enclosed by this stone-built portion of the embankment, toward the land, is filled with earth and rubble, making as firm ground as any part of London. To the left in our engraving is shown the covered roadway of the Metropolitan District Railway. Crossing the embankment at right angles, at a considerable depth below the sewer and the Metropolitan District Railway, is the tubular structure through which the Pneumatic Railway is to proceed from Charing-Cross, under the bed of the Thames, toward Waterloo Road Station of the South-Western Railway, a distance of about two miles. The money for this great improvement in London is raised by a small tax upon the coal brought to the city, and when completed will go far toward making London as attractive for architectural beauties as it is now deficient.

The Emperor of Austria in the Costume of the King of Hungary.

OUR illustration represents the Emperor of Austria on the late occasion of his coronation, in the dress of the King of Hungary. Our readers will remember the satisfaction produced among the Hungarians, at this practical solution of their demands for a Government of their own, and the hopes which it has raised among them that now, under a Constitutional Government, a new career is opened to the Hungarian nation, which will secure for it its proper place in the progress of the nineteenth century.

THE HON. JOHN A. KING.

JOHN ALSON KING was born in the city of New York, in the year 1788, and had entered the eightieth year of his age at the time of his death. Descended from an illustrious family, and the eldest son of the celebrated Hon. Rufus King, the deceased, at an early age, gave evidence of those abilities which in after years so greatly distinguished him. While a youth his father was Minister to Great Britain; and he, together with his brother, Charles King, were thus enabled to obtain much greater educational advantages than they could possibly have obtained in this country. They were both educated at Harrow. Among their schoolmates were Lord Byron, Sir Robert Peel, and other men whose names now shine conspicuously in the literary and political annals of England.

Returning to his native country, he was, in 1812, appointed to a lieutenancy in the United States army, and served during the war with Great Britain in a troop of

horse, which was then the body-guard of Governor Daniel D. Tompkins, who, in addition to his civil office, was commander of the United States forces in this city. Upon the close of the war he resigned his commission and removed to Queens county, where he ever after resided. For six terms he represented his county in the lower house of the State Legislature—during the years 1819, '20, '21, '32, '38 and '40—and in 1823 he was a member of the State Senate. His public career as a State legislator was successful in the highest degree, and soon brought him prominently before the people as a man of more than ordinary worth. In 1826 he was appointed Secretary of Legation at London, and acted as Chargé d'Affaires, during the absence of his father, to the full satisfaction of the authorities of this country.

Mr. King was elected Governor of this State by the Republican Party, in the stormy and exciting campaign that resulted in the election of Mr. Buchanan to the Presidency. His administration of public affairs was marked by integrity and statesmanlike ability. There was not in the State a gentleman of a purer personal character, or of a more unswerving political reputation.

His death was sudden and unexpected. He was present, in his usual health, at a meeting of the Jamaica, Long Island, Literary Union, on the 4th inst., and was

called upon to speak. While in the act of addressing the audience he was observed to exhibit evidence of sudden illness, and to lean on the table for support. He was conveyed from the stand fainting, and was shortly after taken to his home by his son, Mr. Richard King. On medical assistance being called it was found that his left side was paralyzed. He continued to sink away rapidly, and died on the 7th of July.

The personal appearance of Governor King was striking and dignified. He had a fine open countenance, filled with amiability and benevolence. As a speaker he was commanding and impressive. He possessed a rich, sonorous voice, whose every word fell upon the ear of the listener with precision and distinctness. His gesticulation was graceful, and there was an impassioned earnestness in his manner that never failed to carry with it a full conviction of his sincerity. His last public appearance in politics was in 1861, when he was a delegate to the Peace Congress. Even then he would not have appeared, had not the desire to avert the bloodshed and desolation which threatened the country been too strong for resistance. This was the last public political action of his life. Thenceforth, he lived quietly and in retirement at his home in Jamaica, surrounded by his family and favorite books, far away from the turmoil of politics, although ever feeling a deep interest in the welfare of his country.



THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA IN THE COSTUME OF THE KING OF HUNGARY ON THE DAY OF HIS CORONATION.

ENTRANCE TO GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

ONE of the most touching evidences of modern life is the care taken in beautifying the abodes of the dead. The dreary character of the old burying-ground, with its neglected tombs, its sunken graves, and the desolation of its appearance, helping to foster and increase the fear of death, may be now counted among the things of the past. Among the enterprises most instrumental in producing the desired change, Greenwood holds the front rank. Its beautiful drives, and the art with which its natural charms of scenery have been improved and heightened, makes it a place of resort, and serves to do away with much of the terror and fear ordinarily connected with death, making it but a change of condition, and affording an opportunity for the love and care of those who are dear to us while living to manifest itself after the grave has claimed them for its own. Our illustration represents the new entrance to this cemetery, which has been recently completed. Its sculptures, while typical of the solemn facts of death and immortality, serve properly to direct the thoughts to the advantages and uses of life, and keep alive the love of the survivors for the person whom they bear sorrowfully, but trustfully, to his last home.

Ramie—A Substitute for Cotton.

THE New Orleans *Picayune* gives the following account of a new plant:

"A new plant has been added to the resources of our tropical and semi-tropical region—a new textile, which will furnish the world with clothing and the means of knowledge. We have seen within a few days long skeins of a cotton-like fibre, cotton-like in whiteness, softness and fineness, but much stronger, which is now produced at the rate of five crops per year, in the State of Vera Cruz, Mexico, where it has been cultivated for five years by a Belgian naturalist and botanist, who went there to pursue his favorite studies and occupations in a soil and climate which favor them.

"This plant, called the ramie, is a native of Java; was introduced thence into the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, by some French savant in 1844; was regarded then as simply exhibiting the wonderful advantages of the tropics, being too delicate for open air culture in cold climates. But having been planted and tried in warmer climates than that of France, yet not so equatorial as that of Java, it has been found to do as well in them.

"It is due to M. Bontio Razel, formerly chief of the Horticultural Institute of Belgium, now of Santecomprum, San Andres Susila, State of Vera Cruz, Mexico, that we can now pronounce it a naturalized plant of this continent, and to his present visit to this city will speedily owe its introduction into the field-culture of the Gulf States, to which it will permanently pertain.

"The ramie (its Javanese name) is a plant like hemp, contains in its stalk the fibre for which it is raised, and which is grown like the sugar-cane, from being planted in lengths or from its stubble; with this advantage over the stubble of the cane, that each succeeding year it grows better, and that in Cuba and Lower Mexico it will furnish five, and here at least three cuttings in the year.

"By a new process, and some simple machinery invented by M. Razel, the lint can be prepared from the stalks, taken fresh from the ground, in twenty-four hours. We all know that months of labor and the entire discoloring of the fibre follows the treatment by the ordinary process of flax and hemp, while the ramie comes out white, clean, pure and unhurt.

"Eight hundred pounds of lint to the acre is to be expected from a sowing of full growth in fair land. The culture is similar to that of cane; but as the plant, when once set, is hard to eradicate, grows vigorously and defies the influence of grass or rival plants, cultivation is only needed to promote its growth. When ripe it should be cut, but neglect to do this causes no special damage, so that it may wait days or weeks the will of the free Republicans of Mexico and the Union. The fibre is long, fine and strong; the plant easy to raise, and hardy in a southern latitude; and its preparation for market is simple and cheap in cost.

"Under these circumstances we may safely pronounce that the ramie will, at an early day, take a high rank among our staples."

SUMMER RAMBLES THROUGH THE COUNTRY—A TRIP OVER THE ERIE RAILWAY.

A TRIP ON THE ERIE RAILWAY.

THE management of the Erie Railway have been accustomed to make an annual trip along its entire length. Until this year the party was composed only of the officers of the road; but this year the wise innovation was introduced of inviting a number of guests, whose presence should give variety and interest to the



LOOKING UP THE DELAWARE, NEAR PORT JERVIS.

monotony necessarily involved in railroad traveling. The party started from New York on Tuesday, June 18, and returned to this city on the Friday following. By the invitation of the President of the road, a deputation from FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER formed part of the excursion, and the result we give

possible want. Our artist desires to return his thanks to Mr. Hugh Masterson, the Chief of the Police of the road, for the kindness with which he aided him in securing the sketches we present our readers, and in common with the unanimous opinion of all the guests, to the management of the road for their provisions for his comfort.

Stratford-on-Avon, April 23, 1867.

THIS is the anniversary of the birth and death of William Shakespeare, by universal consent the poet and dramatist of the world, whose fame brightens as age succeeds. During the last twenty years his matchless works have, for the first time, been translated into many languages,

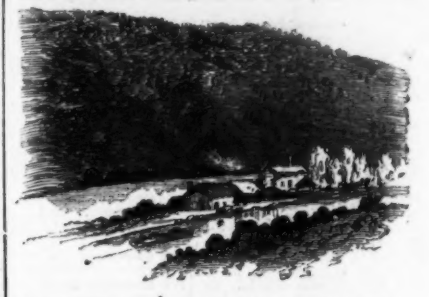


THE CASCADE AT SUMMIT.

few travelers and scholars. The pilgrim is often disappointed when, after weary journeys, he reaches the object of his fancy and desire, and there are few celebrated things on earth, which when seen, fulfill anticipations. But to the admirer of Shakespeare, I think Stratford-on-Avon less disappointing than any Mecca toward which the traveler ever turned his footsteps.

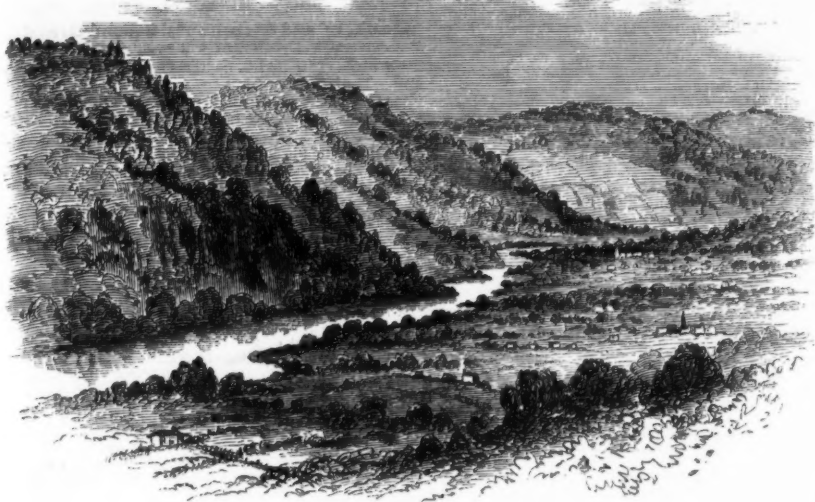
It is something of the feeling of awe which fills his bosom as he stands before and in the house tenanted by the great poet, or as in silence and uncovered he looks upon the plain brownstone tablet in the beautiful old church which covers his dust. The house, made familiar to the world by the art of the photographer, was the property of his father, and its style and dimensions

gift of £2,000 by Mr. John Shakespeare, a collateral relative of the great bard, was devoted to the houses and grounds on either side, to the extent of forty feet, as a protection against fire, and is the old house itself is warmed by steam generated in a distant building.



DELAWARE RIVER AND CANAL, NEAR PORT JERVIS.

and no lights are permitted in it, there are good reasons for hoping that it will remain as now another three hundred years. A very intelligent and ladylike mother, with the aid of her daughter, show the place to visitors. And I must mention these particularly as



VALLEY OF THE SUSQUEHANNA, FROM SUMMIT.

our readers this week in a series of illustrations by our artist, Mr. J. Becker, picturing the most striking scenery along the line. Of course this series is simply a selection, since the line of the road, running as it does through some of the most varied and picturesque scenery of this country, affords such a wealth of material for illustration that volumes would be unable to do full justice to it.

After passing Port Jervis the bold scenery commences, and from near this point we give two illustrations. From the point on the road called Summit, which is the highest point of an inclined plain, up which the cars are pushed by powerful engines, we give also two views, one of the valley of the Susquehanna, and the other of a double cascade. From near Binghamton we give also two views, one of the State Inebriate Asylum, a most excellently conducted and necessary institution, and the other of a passenger and freight-boat on the canal.

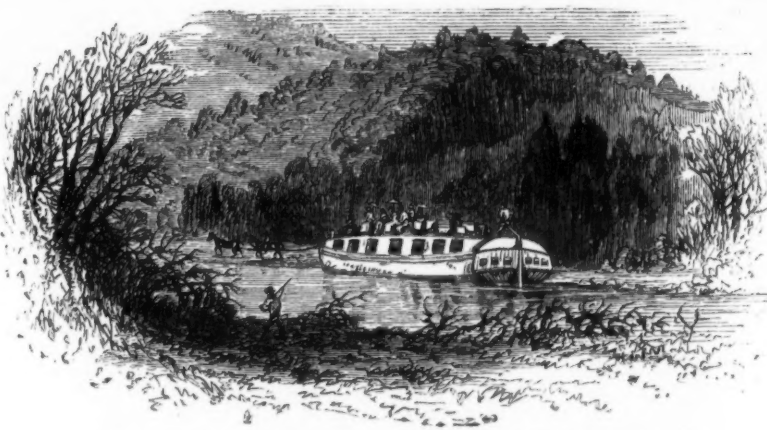
Approaching Dunkirk, the terminus of the line, the first view of Lake Erie is gained. The blue lake lying in the distance, so clear that it is only with difficulty that its outline can be divided from the sky, forms the subject for another of our illustrations.

The trip was continued up to Niagara Falls, when after spending some hours, the party started upon their return home. All along the route, at the various stopping-places, the party received accessions of invited guests, consisting generally of the editors of the local papers, so that the company finally came to represent quite fully the various merits and failings of the "fourth estate." The arrangements made by the management of the Erie Railroad for the accommodation of its guests were everything that could be desired. The train consisted of a baggage-car, a refreshment-car, a smoking-car, two elegant passenger coaches, and a sleeping-car. The refreshment-car was arranged with small tables on either side, the forward section being devoted to a force of cooks and waiters from Delmonico's famous victualling establishment in New York. In this elegant restaurant, lunch, with the most approved accompaniments, was always ready. The smoking-car was a model of beauty and convenience; our native woods, ash, birch, black-walnut and oak being combined in the paneling of the inside with remarkable skill. On one side were cane-seated arm-chairs, and on the other similar chairs, disposed about round centre-tables of black-walnut. The passenger-coaches accommodated one hundred passengers each, the sofa-backs being upholstered in crimson plush. The sleeping-car was perfect in its appointments, and most admirably ventilated.

Arrangements were also made at the appointed stopping-places for the accommodation of the guests, so that nothing could be desired more satisfactory. The entire trip was a continued fete, and the company who enjoyed the hospitality of the road on this occasion returned delighted with the natural beauties of the scenery along the line, and with the care and provision evinced on the part of the management in providing for their every

thus introducing him to the admiration and delight of other lands, where, though literature and the gentle

festivity, even if there were not other joys, the family was wealthy and of high social standing. It



PASSENGER AND FREIGHT BOAT ON THE ERIE CANAL, NEAR BINGHAMTON.

arts were fostered full well, yet, by reason of an unaccountable prejudice or jealousy of England's proudest genius, the name of Shakespeare was known only to a

is now the property of England, and in the custody of a committee who represent the subscribers of a fund of £3,000, raised in the year 1847 for its purchase. A

the only guides I have ever met in England who speak correctly the English language, and have a due understanding of what they are telling you. A very pretty garden at the rear, and on either side full of the flowers Shakespeare preferred and wrote of, is a graceful setting to the quaint old house, and the narrow street running before it is as clean and quiet as a drive in private grounds. The interior is interesting to the scholar and historian as the home of him to whose incomparable genius we are indebted for so much wisdom, grace and amusement. It is with singular feelings one walks through apartments which three hundred years ago were familiar to the eyes and voice of the baby Shakespeare. The room in which he first saw light, the kitchen, the drawing-room, all seem half sacred to the fancy of those who, delighted and astonished in reading his poems, have oftentimes doubted if a man like ourselves could have written them.

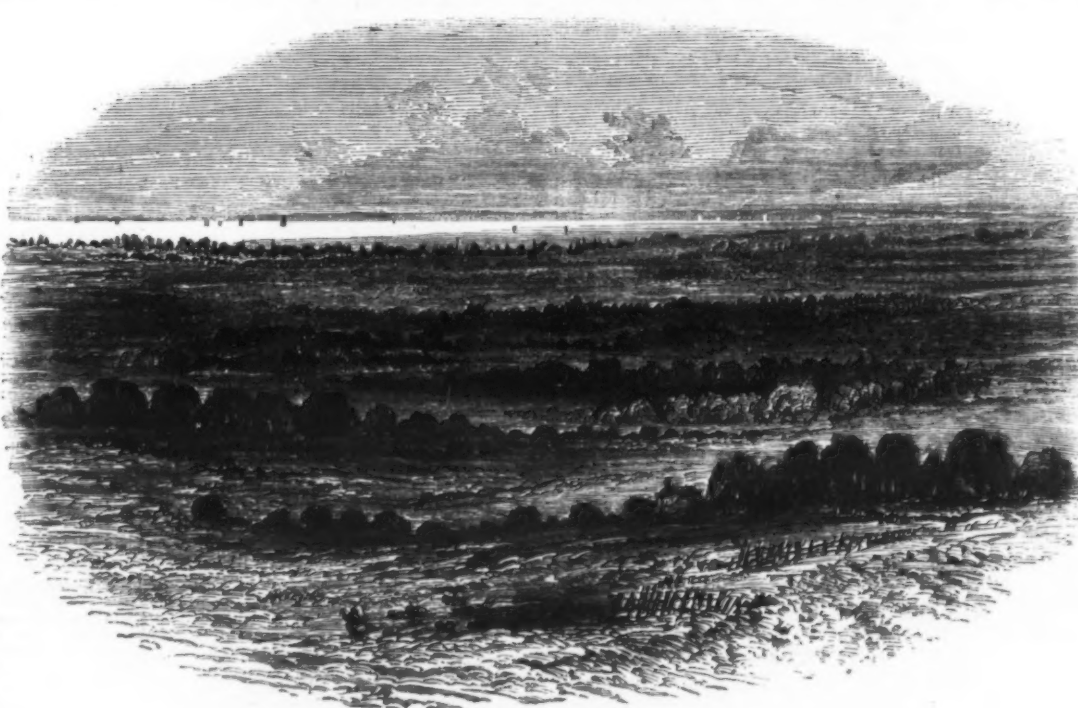
The whitewashed walls are well-nigh covered with autographs of visitors, but the most famous, Byron's, Scott's, Irving's, are quite effaced. The south wing is of two stories, and devoted to a museum and collection of all that is particularly interesting of the relics of Shakespeare and his family—the several portraits and busts taken of him, and shortly after his death, copies of many editions of his plays; and looking at those original publications of 1604 and 1609, when Shakespeare and Bacon were alive, it is incomprehensible how any sane person can question their authorship. His seal-ring, drinking-glasses, pipes (supposititious), arrest our attention, but in vain is the request to see his handwriting. Voluminous as are his published works, and from his education and character we may believe him

to have had a large correspondence, there is not known to be a scratch of his writing in the world, save a signature or two to legal papers deposited in the British Museum, which I have seen.

A pleasant walk of a half mile through the town brings you to the handsome large old church wherein lies all that was mortal of the immortal poet. A gentlemanly clerk points out his grave just before the altar, over which is the brownstone slab, whereon we read those familiar lines attributed to him they commemorate, but ever to my mind unworthy of live genius; and I was glad to hear that it is much doubted now if he wrote them.

On either side of his grave are like stones covering the dust of his wife, children and his son-in-law, Dr. Hall. On the left, some eight feet above, on the wall, is a life-size bust, erected by his daughter, and it is with an unusual emotion and satisfaction we look upon what must be like to our idol and exemplar in poetry. The popular prints and busts of Shakespeare are not copied from this, which I found sympathetic with my ideal, and all others I have seen were not. He is represented with a pen in his right hand, and the left on a scroll. The expression is thoughtful, but not melancholy, as he is often made to appear.

The old church is worthy of notice for its tasteful decorations, monuments, and substantial preservation.



VIEW OF LAKE ERIE FROM THE ERIE RAILWAY.

being nearly 700 years old; but the memory and shade of the great bard swallows up every thought of the visitor, and many objects which elsewhere would be deemed curious and interesting are here observed. Dubious and distracting as are all other traces of him, here the mind reposes in certainty; and it is with a feeling of calm and confident trust the worshiper of the purest genius the world ever knew silently rests and is content, while unbidden there comes upon his lips—

"Take him all in all, we ne'er
Shall look upon his like again."

The pretty little river Avon borders the churchyard, lending its silvery charms to the meadows and picturesque hillsides.

The next place of especial interest with which Shakespeare's name is connected in the town of Stratford, is New Place, or rather its site, as the house and garden have long since disappeared. From picture representation it must have been a superior house, and here Shakespeare lived from his thirty-fourth year in dignity and tranquillity, after a rapid and untroubled career of fame and good fortune in London. On his death the property passed to Mrs. Hall, his daughter, from whom, in turn, her only child, Mrs. Barnard, inherited it. She dying childless, the house and garden were sold to Sir Edward Walker, and by marriage came into the Clifton family. In 1753 Reverend Francis Gastrell bought them, and by him the house was razed, and the mulberry-trees, under which Shakespeare loved to loiter with boon companions, were cut down, so that no trace of New Place remained. From all accounts, it would appear that Gastrell and wife were pious and irritable persons, who maliciously destroyed the property, probably from being annoyed by too many visitors and curiosity-seekers. In 1839 a small theatre was erected on a portion of the garden grounds, which is occasionally opened by strolling dramatic troupes.

A short mile walk through the meadows brings us to the home of Anne Hathaway, courted, loved and espoused by our hero. It is a quaint little cottage, and until lately a large chair was there shown, called Shakespeare's courting-chair, but it was carried off by Mr. Ireland, an enthusiastic antiquarian. Distant four miles is the estate of Sir Thomas Lucy, whose name is oddly associated with Shakespeare's success; for it is generally believed that by reason of Lucy's undue prosecution of the young poet, he was prompted to go up to London, distant 100 miles.

Such are the few mementoes of the immortal poet. His children survived their parent but a few years, and his only grandchild died without issue. Thus passed away the family of Shakespeare, whose name must be forever illustrious, wherever learning and poetry are fostered.

"He was not for a day, but for all time."

Warwickshire is rich in many objects of historical interest, for the great Warwick Castle is eight miles from Stratford, "that fairest monument of ancient and chivalrous splendor which yet remains uninjured by time;" and that noble ruin, Kenilworth, is but a few miles further. Stoneleigh Abbey, Guy's Cliffe, Coventry, and many other beautiful places, worthily challenge the traveler's attention, and I would recommend my countrymen to dedicate at least one week of their journey in Europe to Warwickshire, taking up their quarters in that picturesque and cleanest of little cities, Leamington, a central situation. Its parks and gardens, saline springs and bath-houses, no more attract visitors than do the excellent food of every variety at most reasonable prices. Hand-some apartments, three, with cooking and attendance, may be had at two guineas a week, and the politeness and fairness of the shopkeepers make it a pleasant diversion to go marketing. Leamington is especially gay in the winter season, when the hunters, with their families, assemble there, and each day in red coats follow the hounds.

F. G. Y.

THE SILVER MINT OF JAPAN.

If we could gain admission to the Mint at Yedo we should see the following process continually going on. A lump of silver of the necessary fineness, obtained either from the Government mines or by melting down Mexican dollars, is placed in an iron ladle and reduced to a molten state by means of a charcoal fire and a pair of blacksmith's bellows. It is then poured into a mold, from which it is taken out in the shape of thin rectangular bars, which are immediately thrown into a tub of cold water. On being taken out, a man seated on the ground shears off with a pair of large fixed scissors all jagged pieces adhering to the angles. They are now handed to another man, who weighs them one by one, and a piece is cut off, if necessary, to reduce the bar to its proper weight.

The next process is that of dividing the bar by a fixed pair of shears into eight equal portions of the size of ichibu; this is done by a workman cutting it as accurately as his practiced eye will enable him, and his work is tested by weighing, light pieces being rejected, and the heavy ones reduced to their proper weight by the scissors. The pieces are now heated white hot in a charcoal fire, plunged into water, boiled, and washed in a kind of brine, from which they come out with a moderately bright surface. They are next very slightly milled on the two sides, and more deeply on the edges, by means of a milled hammer. They are now ready for stamping. A man places one of the pieces on a station-ary die, and lays on the top of the other die; a second man, armed with a huge hammer, gives one blow on the upper die, and the coin is struck. The blows are dealt in rapid succession, and the whole scene reminds one of a blacksmith's shop.

Boys now punch small stars on the edges by means of chisels and hammers. The coins are weighed one by one for the last time, and the light ones rejected. The imperial stamp is added by means of another stamped chisel and mallet, and the coins are complete.

They are rolled up in paper packets of 100; each packet is weighed, sealed with a seal, which serves as a guarantee of its contents, and gives it currency as 100 ichibu. While every operation is performed in this rather primitive manner, perfect order prevails in the establishment; every man goes through his portion of the work in silence and with the regularity of clockwork, and many evince considerable skill.

There are about 300 hands employed in the building. When the men enter in the morning they are made to divest themselves of their own clothes, and put on others belonging to the Mint. At the end of the day's work a gong sounds, when the somewhat curious spectacle is presented of 300 men springing from the ground on which they had been seated, throwing off their clothes, and rushing, a naked throng, to one end of a yard. Here they pass through the following ordeal in order to prove that they have no silver on them: Their back hair is pulled down and examined, they wash their hands and hold them up to view, they drink water, and then holies, and lastly, they run to the other end of the yard, clearing two or three hurdles on their way; after which performance they are allowed to put on their clothes and depart.

This quantity of silver being coined daily at the beginning of this year was 50,000 mounds, which at the rate of 2-3 mounds to the ichibu would give a total daily issue of over 21,000 bush, or about \$7,500. The whole of these are produced by the simplest manual labor, unaided by a single piece of machinery.

"There is one thing sure," said Mrs. Partridge, "the females of the present generation are a deep more independent than they need to be. Why, I saw a gal go by the other day that I know belongs to the historical class of society, with her dress all tucked up, her hair all buzzed up like if she hadn't time to come at for a week, and one of her grandmother's nightcaps, in an awful crumpled condition, on her head. Why, how, honey, when I was a gal, if one of the fellows came along when I had my clothes tucked up that way, and my head covered with a white rag, I would run for dear life to get out of sight. Well, well, the gals then were innocent, unadorned creatures; now they are what the French call 'blazes.'"

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

WHY is luna called the silver moon? Because she is constantly changing quarters.

WHAT shall the man say while sitting on his wife's best bonnet? I'm sitting on the style, Mary.

WHY should there be no free seats in church? Because you ought not to be made good for nothing.

SAID a young fellow indignantly when called a boy: "Don't you call me a boy; I've chewed tobacco these six years."

A MAN in the city has got so deep into debt that one-half of his creditors have been unable to see him for months.

NEVER trouble trouble till trouble troubles you, for trouble rarely troubles people who never troubles themselves about trouble.

"You need a little sun and air," said a physician to a maiden patient.

"If I do," was the reply, "I'll wait till I get a husband."

A NEW mode of dispersing a mob has been discovered, said to supersede the necessity of a military force. It is to pass round a contribution box.

"SAM, why am members of Congress like de fishes?"

"I don't meddle wid de subject, Pomp."

"Why, don't you see, nigger, dey's so fond of debate."

"That cat has got cold," said a friend to Jones, pointing to a domestic favorite.

"Yes," Jones replied, "the poor thing is subject to cat-arthritis."

WE are acquainted with a "monster in human form" who says that the only time a woman does not exaggerate is when she is talking of her own age.

JONES complained of a bad smell about the post-office, and asked Brown what it could be. Brown didn't know, but suggested that it might be caused by the "dead letters."

QUINN told a lady that she looked blooming as spring, but recollecting that the season was not then very promising, he added: "Would to heaven the spring would look like you."

AN unquipped Ethiopian dame once sapiently remarked:

"I've hearn a heap ob talk 'bout gibbin' all the darkeys a bureau, but bless your soul, honey, I ain't seed eben a wash-stan' yet."

WHEN Chang and Eng were first exhibited in New York, a curious inquirer went up to the exhibitor and asked:

"Those the Siamese?"

"Yes, sir."

"Brothers, I presume?"

On the whole he thought they were.

"Who was the father of Zebedee's children?" asked a district school teacher with a view to puzzling the little ones, whom he had been catechizing on Bible topics.

"I don't know certain," responded a little fellow, "but guess it was Colonel Pettee."

A PINSTER went to a well-known lawyer and engaged him to manage a suit for her, in which she claimed a legacy, to which her right was disputed. The suit was lost and the poor maiden said to the lawyer:

"How can I ever repay you for all the time and trouble you have taken on my account? I have nothing to give you but my heart."

"My clerk takes all the fees—go to him," answered the lawyer, gruffly.

A CONSCIENTIOUS witness down East refused to swear that he saw one man kick another, but he readily took his oath that he saw defendant take his foot away from plaintiff three times.

THE man in jail who looked out of the window of his cell and exclaimed, "This is a grate country!" is now generally admitted to have spoken within bounds.

WHY is a man annoyed by a fool like one who falls in the sea? Because he is a man overboard.

A GENIUS out West who wished to mark a half dozen new shirts, marked the first John Jones, and the rest ditto.

"How many a doting husband," says the cynical Mr. Quip, "would like to change his forty-year old 'yardner' for two-twenties."

A GOOD-LOOKING fellow was arraigned lately before a police court, charged with having stolen a watch. It was his first error, and he was ready to plead guilty. The judge addressed him in very gentle tones, and asked him what induced him to commit the theft. The young man replied, having been unwell for some time, the doctor advised him to take something, which he had accordingly done. His Honor was rather pleased with the humor of the thing, and asked what had led to the selection of a watch.

"Why," said the prisoner, "I thought if I only had the time, that nature would work a cure."

"I CAN'T find bread for my family," said a lazy fellow in company.

"Nor I," replied an industrious miller; "I am obliged to work for it."

WHY is the tolling of a bell like the prayer of a hypocrite? Because it's a solemn sound by a thoughtless tongue.

"NOW GENTS," said a Yankee at dinner, "guess I'll show you somethin' that no critter in this room ever seed afore, and not a critter living ever will see agin. D'y'e bet?"

The bet was made, and the Yankee took a nut off the dessert plate, and cracking it, held up the kernel between his thumb and finger.

"Now, gents, I karklize none of yer ever seed that kernel afore, and (swallowing it), I guess you'll never see it agin. Please fork out."

A MISSOURIAN informed a traveler who had inquired about corn, that "each stalk had nine ears on it, and was fifteen feet high."

"That's nothing to our corn," replied the traveler.

"Up in Illinois, where I came from, we always had nine ears to each stalk, and a peck of shelled corn hanging to each tassel; but we never could raise any field beans with it."

"Why?" asked the other.

"Because the corn grew so fast it always pulled the beans up."

THE day before yesterday Mrs. Smith was thrown into a state of considerable alarm and anxiety for the safety of her daughter, Miss Matilda Jane Smith, who was reported by her brother, Master John Smith, to be placed in a position of some danger.

"Mamma," said that young gentleman, running into the parlor, "Tilda's down in the kitchen, and there's a great monkey got hold of her!"

Mrs. Smith at once rushed to her daughter's assistance; but appearances not bearing out Master Smith's statement, he was called on for an explanation. He stated that he had distinctly observed an ape run (apron) round his sister's waist. Nothing further is known.

WHAT is the difference between a town and its people? It is laid out at the beginning of its existence, and then at the end of theirs.

WHAT sort of Asiatic has the largest nose? An-Nostril-Asian, of course.

COSWAY, THE MINIATURE PAINTER.

He was, indeed, coxcombical in his smartness. But then he lived in days when, among a large class, a love of fine clothes had risen to quite a passion. Patronized by the Prince of Wales, what could he do but imitate his patron—who was nothing if not "dresy"? "The Macaroni" were furnishing the sensation of the hour. A party of young gentlemen who had made the grand tour had formed themselves into a club, and from their always having upon their table a dish of macaroni—a comestible then but little known in England—they acquired the name of the Macaroni Club; at least their name has been generally thus accounted for. The Macaroni Club was to the last century what Crockett's was to this. "It was composed," says Walpole, "of all the traveled young men who wear long curls and spying-glasses." In matters of fashion the Macaronis claimed absolute supremacy. They ruled the world of *ton*—especially interesting themselves in toilet matters. To wear a style of dress that had not been sanctioned by the Macaroni Club was to be scouted as an outer barbarian. For a time everything was "à la Macaroni." It became the phrase of the hour—springing into existence as suddenly, possessing the town as wholly, and disappearing at last as completely as such phrases always do. Of course Cosway must be in the fashion—must chime in with the universal humor. He dressed in the height of the Macaroni vogue. His small plain person was to be seen in all public places clothed in a mulberry silk coat profusely embroidered with scarlet strawberries, with sword and bag and a small three-cornered hat perched on the top of his powdered toupée. He assumed a mincing, affected air—a tone of excessive refinement and exquisite sensibility. He pretended to an absurd superiority over his fellows, and striving to conceal his real and more honest situation as a hard-working artist, posed himself incessantly as a creature of fashion. Of course in the end he disgusted his brother painters, while he did not really conciliate "the quality." The former scorned him, his fine clothes, splendid furniture, and black servants—the more satirical holding him up to ridicule in the shop windows, by laughable caricatures, such as "The Macaroni Miniature Painter; or, Billy Dimple sitting for his Picture;" the latter came to his feasts, drank his wines, won his money from him at hazard, stimulated his extravagance to the utmost, while they made mouths at him behind his back, and condemned in secret and among themselves the folly of his conduct. It must be said for the artist, however, that he toiled earnestly and successfully to make his professional earnings keep pace in some sort with his lavish private habits. Cipriani used to relate, that after whole nights had been wasted by Cosway in the most frivolous and worthless of pursuits, he was yet to be found at an early hour in his studio, sedulously toiling to redeem lost time and money, very penitent for the past, full of the best intentions for the future; all of course to be abandoned and forgotten when the evening came, the chandeliers were lighted, the cards strewed the table, and the world of society gathered round him in his drawing-room again.

HAFIZ.—The various forms assumed by Persian poetry are all based upon Arabic models. The most important of these are the following: 1. *Masnawi*, or "rhyming couplets," which correspond to our "heroics," being the metre in all our narrative or didactic pieces are written. 2. *Ghazals*, or "odes," of which I shall presently speak more fully. 3. *Qasidas*, or "idyls," which are generally devoted to panegyric, but the frequently hyperbolic praise of a sovereign or patron found in these poems must not be attributed entirely to servile flattery or other sordid motives, their object being to display the varied knowledge and command of language possessed by the author, and his capacity for following out a subtle train of ideas, in which respect they may be compared to our own prize poems. Besides those which I have enumerated, there are various epigrammatical forms of poetry, such as the *rubai* (tetrasich), etc. The most interesting, because the most characteristic, work in the Persian language is the celebrated *Divan*, or collection of *ghazals*, by Mohammed Shams Uddin, of Shiraz, better known by his nom-de-plume of HAFIZ. Ghazals are ostensibly love-songs, but in reality metaphorical religious writings, expounding the peculiar theosophic views of the most extraordinary sect the East has ever produced, the *Sufi* philosophers. Steering a mid course between the pantheism of India on the one hand, and the deism of the Koran on the other, they exhibit that subtle union of revelation and philosophy which constitutes the esoteric doctrine of Islam. The *Sufi* poet's aim is to lead mankind to the contemplation of spiritual things, through the medium of their most impressive feelings; the charms of visible objects are enthusiastically described by him; but it is easy to pierce this veil of allegory, and reach the grand ideal of eternal love that lurks behind. His is a religion of beauty, wherein heavenly perfection is considered under the imperfect type of earthly loveliness. Under various beautiful allegories he celebrates the aspirations of the soul after God; now it is the nightingale, intoxicated with ecstasy at the fragrance of the rose; now the moth, annihilated by the intensity of the brilliant object of her contemplation. And all this without a taint of Moslem superstition; for the *Sufi* takes his stand on a higher ground, and all creeds may bow down with him before the sublime presence of the Infinite. HAFIZ is a *Sufi* of *Sufis*; Islam claims him for its own; an Englishman has written a treatise to prove him to have been a Christian.

Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1867.

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cash presents at \$10,000, three cash presents at \$5,000,
four cash presents at \$3,000, five cash presents at \$2,000,
eight cash presents at \$1,000, fourteen cash presents at
\$500, twenty cash presents at \$300, twenty-five cash
presents at \$200, forty cash presents at \$100, seventy-
five cash presents at \$50, one hundred and forty cash
presents at \$25, one hundred and fifty cash presents at
\$20, one hundred and seventy-five cash presents at \$10,
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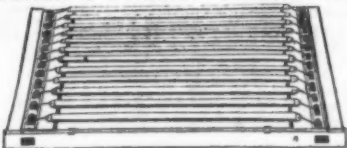
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